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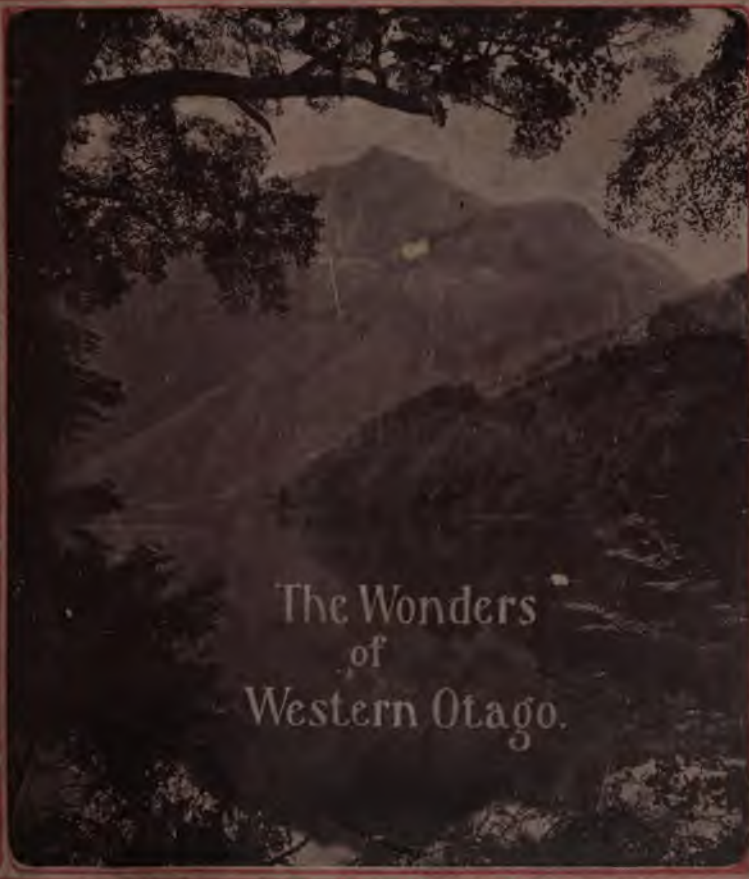

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NEW ZEALAND

AKES AND FIORDS.

'HE WONDERS OF WESTERN OTAGO.

criptive of the Southern Lakes and Mountains,
the West Coast Sounds, and
Stewart Island.

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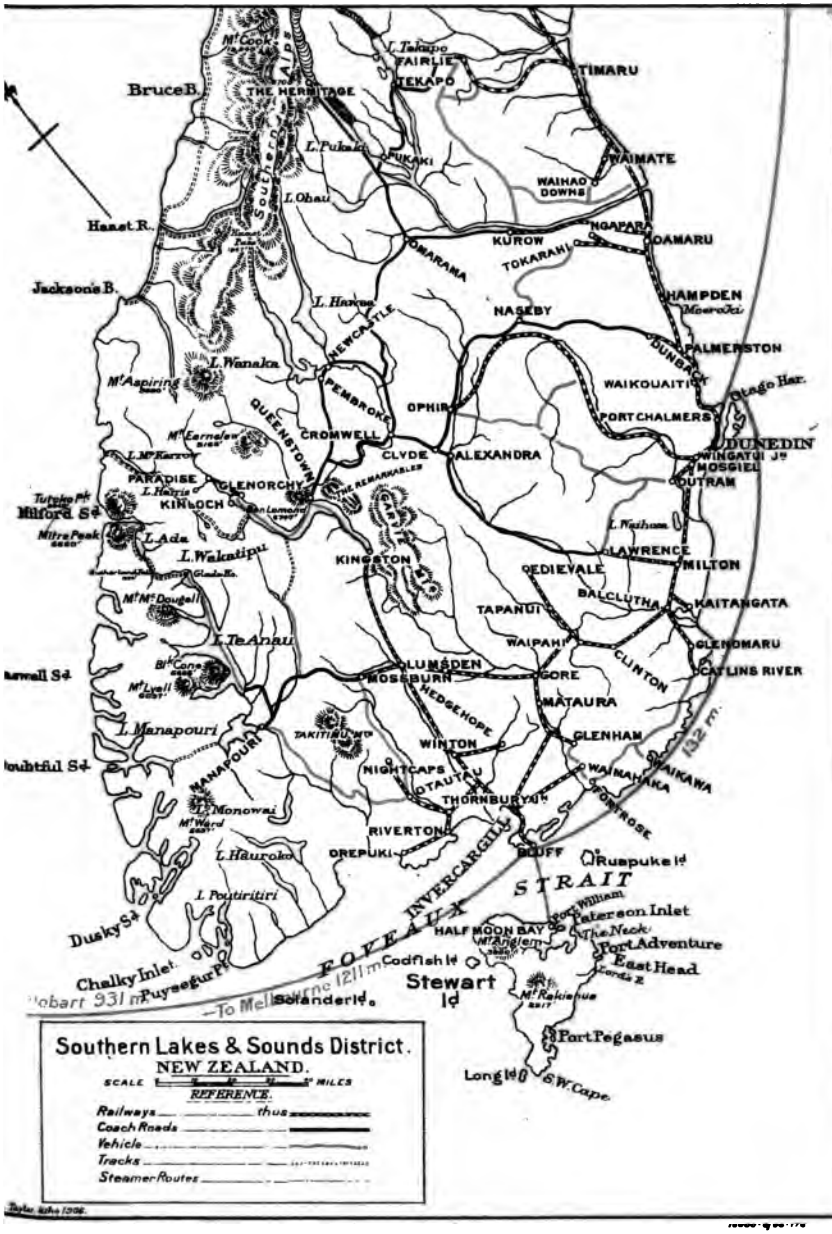
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WAIHAO DOWNS
PUKAKI

PREFACE.

book is issued by the New Zealand Government Department of ɜt and Health Resorts with the double object of making more ʳ known the remarkable scenery of Otago and Southland, and of ng tourists on their travels through those regions. In addition scriptions of scenes in Lakeland and Fiordland and historical ations attaching thereto, information is given regarding routes, accommodation, &c. It must be borne in mind, however, that in country such as this is, changes and improvements are of necessity ɪntly made, and that every year new routes are being opened up. l be well, therefore, to supplement the details given herein by a of the "Itinerary of Travel"—a booklet which is issued free ɜ Department of Tourist and Health Resorts, and which gives ables, fares, &c.—and also by inquiries at the Agencies of the ·tment.

cknowledgment must be made of valuable information regard- xploration in various parts of the Fiordland district supplied r. Thomas Mackenzie, M.H.R., who carried out much useful ɜr work in the regions between the Lakes and the Sounds, and ıas furnished the account of the Catlin's River district; and ɔf assistance given by Mr. James Richardson, of Dunedin, who ɔontributed, amongst other information, descriptions of the ry at the head of Lake Wakatipu.

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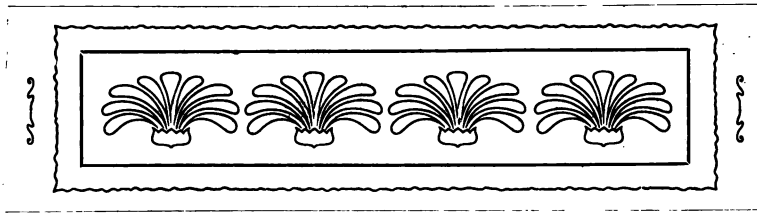
Muir and Moodie, photo., Dunedin.] [Frontispiece—The Southern Lakes and Fiords of New Zealand.

HALL'S ARM, DOUBTFUL SOUND, NEW ZEALAND.



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Southern Lakes and Fiords of New Zealand.

INTRODUCTION.

THE singularly varied nature of New Zealand scenery is particularly impressed upon the traveller's mind as he enters the mountain and lake region of the South Island after visiting the Thermal Wonderland of the North. Here are no spouting geysers or smoking mountains, no boiling lakes or hissing fumaroles. The South Island is a land of Alpine glories, of fiords grander than those of Norway, of deep-blue lakes surpassing in size and beauty those of Switzerland and northern Italy, of prairie-like plains through which great snow-fed rivers flow swiftly to the sea. It has been called the Switzerland of Australasia, but this is a term all too inadequate. It is a matchless land, full of enchantment for the traveller in its nobility of contour, its spacious dignity of landscape, and, above all, its novelty.

The most remarkable portion of the Southern Wonderland is that within the boundaries of the Otago and Southland Districts, extending from about 44° to 46° south latitude, and comprising the

south-western portion of the Island. The eastern half of these provinces consists chiefly of extensive alluvial plains, diversified with occasional low ranges of wooded or grassy hills; this country, together with South Canterbury, is the great granary of New Zealand. Towns and villages are scattered over this fertile region, and the country is well roaded, and connected by rail with the northern portion of the Island. Then, travelling inland, the large runs of the wool-growers are crossed, and one is in the Land of Lakes. Lakes everywhere, of all sizes and contours, from Wakatipu's glorious serpentine of deep-blue water fifty miles in length and many-islanded Te Anau and Manapouri to the countless lonely pure cold tarns that nestle in the arms of the mountains. Westward again, between this chain of great lakes and the Tasman Sea, is the vast primeval region of forest, river, mountain, and sound known as the Fiordland National Park. This Ultima Thule, at present imperfectly explored, has lately been set aside as a perpetual pleasure and scenic reserve; a place where the beautiful forest and its interesting bird-life will for ever remain unspoiled. The Fiordland Park covers an area approximately estimated at two and a quarter million acres.

Broadly speaking, this great National Park includes the whole of that deeply indented segment of the coast stretching from the northern side of Milford Sound to the shores of Preservation Inlet—where the steamers from Melbourne and Hobart approach the western entrance to Foveaux Strait—a distance of about 140 miles. Within these coastal bounds are the grandest examples of salt-water fiords in the world—fourteen in number, ranging from ten to twenty-two miles in length from ocean to head, and many of them studded with densely wooded islets. These Sounds have more than four hundred miles of sheltered inner coast-line, and form noble yachting-grounds. Only a few miles of open coast-line separate the various indentations opening out in deep and narrow clefts, between the lofty snow-capped mountains. Inland the country is a vast confusion of mountain and forest, adorned with chains of lakes, threaded by innumerable torrential rivers, and resounding with waterfalls of great height.

This fascinating region of Fiordland may be visited by either sea or land—by steamer from Dunedin and the Bluff round the coast to Milford and its sister Sounds, or by the foot-tracks which penetrate the mountains westward of the great lakes. Of these overland tracks

the principal one is the route from Te Anau to the head of Milford, now a popular summer route with tourists. Much-travelled visitors consider it the most magnificent walking-route in the world.

Such are the main features of Otago's great scenic hinterland. It may be broadly said that no other land offers such a combination of attractions for the tourist, the artist, and the angler. The climate is the healthiest in the world. Summer and winter the lakes may be visited, but the season for the Sounds overland trip is from November to April. The remarkable purity, clearness, and elasticity of the air is one of the joys of life in Lakeland. The large lakes lie at a considerable elevation above sea-level, and possess many advantages as health-resorts. For the angler there are hundreds of streams abounding in brown trout of great size; for the deer-stalker forests of red and fallow deer, the red deer carrying antlers surpassing those obtained in the Scottish Highlands.

In the chapters which follow, some prominence is given to Maori folk-lore and traditions dealing with scenes on the main routes of travel. From the few elders of the Southern Maoris who are the repositories of the knowledge of the past, such fragments of place-stories and local legend as survive have been collected and are here presented. Most of this information is now for the first time published.

Access and Communication.

COMMUNICATION between New Zealand and the outside world is maintained by numerous large fleets of fine ocean-steamers. The Oceanic Steamship Company has three mail-steamers, each of 6,200 tons trading from San Francisco to Auckland and Sydney *via* Honolulu and Samoa. These steamers call at Auckland every three weeks. There is also the Canadian-Pacific route; the mail-steamers from Vancouver to Sydney tranship New Zealand passengers at Fiji. The New Zealand Shipping Company, Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company, and other steamship-proprietaries have splendid vessels of large tonnage in the direct service between London and New Zealand. To Sydney—between three and four days steam away—there is a frequent service from England and Europe by the steamers of the Peninsula and Orient Line, Orient-Pacific, North German Lloyd, Messageries Maritimes, Lund Line, and Aberdeen White Star Line. Between Sydney and New Zealand ports there is steam communication every few days, and in the coastal trade there are numerous large and comfortable steamers.

For travellers from the North there are two trains a day between Christchurch and Dunedin and Invercargill. Dining-cars are attached to the trains. The passenger landing at the Bluff from Australia takes train to Invercargill, and from there either makes his way first to Te Anau and Manapouri and the Sounds, or takes train to Lake Wakatipu, as convenience and inclination may dictate.

The various pleasure-resorts throughout Otago and Southland are well served by steamer, train, and coach; and vehicles and horses can be readily hired. The roads are in general good, but cyclists and motorists would do well to obtain the latest local information from the Tourist Department as to the condition of the various routes, particularly in the direction of Manapouri and Te Anau, where some of the streams are unbridged.

The average cost of hotel accommodation is 10s. per day. The cost of coach travelling may be set down at about 6d. per mile. First class rail travelling, at ordinary rates, costs 1½d. per mile. For the sum of £5, however, the tourist may obtain a first-class ticket enabling him to travel over all the lines in the South Island, available for one month; or over all the Government railway-lines in both Islands for £7, available for six weeks.

From the North to Dunedin.

Steamer from Wellington to Lyttelton (175 miles) daily except Sundays. Rail from Lyttelton to Christchurch (7 miles), thence trains twice daily to Dunedin (230 miles).

RAILWAY and steamer connections through New Zealand are good, and it is possible to travel from Auckland to Invercargill, a distance of 950 miles by sea and land, in two days and a half. A traveller embarking at Wellington on the nightly steamer for the South arrives in Lyttelton harbour early the next morning, and, after a brief stay in Christchurch, reaches Dunedin in time for dinner that evening. The rail route from Christchurch to Dunedin traverses the Canterbury Plain for a hundred miles, and from Timaru southwards closely skirts the east coast of the Island. The Canterbury Plain is a magnificent stretch of fertile alluvial country, as level as a table for mile after mile, broken only by the wide gravel-beds of the snow-fed turbid rivers which flow down from the Southern Alps. The perfection of farming-country, well tilled, and carrying vast numbers of stock—a region rich in grain, and meat, and wool. Towns and villages, leafy hedges, prosperous homesteads, wayside storage-sheds crammed with sacks of wheat, and innumerable wagons and trucks unloading or loading grain; hay-ricks and corn-ricks; the whirring windmills of artesian wells—these and a hundred other pictures flit by the train-windows in quick succession and banish the tedium of the rails. Far away on the right are the snow-powdered ranges, purple-hazed and soft with distance; on the other hand are glimpses of the sea.

At Timaru (100 miles), a busy seaport town (pop. 6,500), the loading-port for many ocean-steamers, the route to Fairlie and Mount Cook "Hermitage," Southern Alps, diverges to the west.

At 138 miles the line crosses the Waitaki River. ("Wai-taki" in the South Island Native dialect is the equivalent of the Northern "Wai-tangi," "Weeping" or "Sounding Water.") This river is the boundary between the Canterbury and Otago Provincial Districts.

At 152 miles is Oamaru (pop. about 5,500), a fine seaport town, remarkable amongst other things for its excellent building-stone, quarried in the neighbourhood. Oamaru is largely built of this white limestone, and is often spoken of as the "White Town." Oamaru, like Timaru, has a good artificial harbour formed by a massive concrete breakwater.

The railway-line skirts the coast, and there are many charming seascapes. South of Oamaru the country becomes more undulating and hilly, and correspondingly picturesque.

At 177 miles is Hillgrove Station, close to the MOERAKI PENINSULA, a favourite seaside resort. There is a drive of a mile and a half from the station to the village. Moeraki is one of the most interesting places on the coast, and the traveller who is not pressed for time might agreeably break his journey here. There is boarding-house accommodation. In the Onekakara Bay, on the northern side of the peninsula, is a fishing-village, and about a mile away is the Maori *kaika* or village of Moeraki. Beautiful sandy beaches stretch for some miles north and south of Moeraki, and on the Katiki and Hampden beaches are to be seen specimens of the celebrated Moeraki boulders—remarkably spherical in shape, with a crystalline centre—whose origin has somewhat puzzled geologists. The canoe Ara-i-te-uru, which was one of the "pilgrim ships" of the Maori ancestors from the South Sea Islands, after coasting down the Island, was capsized at Matakaea (now known as Shag Point), near the southern end of the Katiki beach. Her crew landed safely, but her lading of seed-kumara (sweet potatoes) and hué gourds was scattered along the beach, and, according to the Maori legend, became petrified into these veritable boulders. Should you doubt this veracious tale, you have but to chip the outside off one of the round boulders and you will see that the inside is of a reddish or yellowish colour, exactly like a kumara. Then, again, near Matakaea Point there is to be seen to this day in the shallow water a submerged, long, narrow rock, somewhat resembling a canoe in size and shape. This, say the Maoris, is the Ara-i-te-uru canoe, turned into stone.

After closely skirting for several miles the shining beach of Katiki (locally corrupted to "Kartigi"), or Kaipai, the train makes a short stay at the Shag Point Station (184 miles). There are coal-mines in the vicinity. The station is on the site of a one-time-celebrated spot named Whataparaerae, a sacred gathering-place where the Moeraki warriors were accustomed to assemble for the *wai-taua* rites

he sprinkling and "hardening" of the soldiers for the combat, always performed by the tribal priests before a warlike expedition et forth.

Overlooking Shag Point Station on the right or landward side is he Pakihiwi-tahi Range, noted in Maori legend. On the lower spur of the range, just above the railway-line, will be observed a lofty and conspicuous stone cairn. This is the monument to the late Sir John McKenzie, Minister of Lands in the Seddon Government. Sir John's old homestead is in the immediate vicinity of the line, and here he was buried with true Highland ceremony and lamentation in August, 1901, only a few weeks after receiving the insignia of his knighthood from the hands of the Prince of Wales, who was then touring this country. Pakihiwi-tahi means literally "The One-shouldered." The name is that of a chief who landed here from the Ara-i-te-uru canoe. In the figurative fashion of the Maori, this mountain is spoken of as the actual Pakihiwi-tahi, who was so named because he had one shoulder higher than the other. He went out bird-hunting one night, luring the easily caught weka by imitating its cry. He had omitted to perform the ceremonies necessary to propitiate the gods of the new land and the spirits of the forest, for when daylight came there he was, immovably fixed, changed into a mountain. There is his shaggy head, set between his unequal shoulders, the lower one—on which the McKenzie cairn is set—depressed as if (say the Maoris) he were still hauling away at his capsized canoe, Ara-i-te-uru, endeavouring to drag her on shore.

Palmerston Station is reached at 189 miles. High on the left is the sharp, conical hill Puke-tapu ("Sacred Mount"), 1,092 ft. Puke-tapu, in the symbolism of the Maoris, is Pakihiwi-tahi's slave-wife. She was sent out to gather firewood, and, venturing into the uncanny fairy country, she was metamorphosed into a mountain. On the steep green slopes of the hill-cone you may see two gullies or watercourses, marked by lines of waving toétoé (swamp-flag). These are the *kawae* or strips of flax-leaves which the luckless Puke-tapu took with her to carry home her load of firewood.

The beautiful coast-line between Moeraki and Dunedin has reminded travellers of the Riviera. From the rail-line, green fields slope to the curving bays, where the blue sea breaks on the beaches of glittering sand. Craggy headlands divide bay from bay, and wooded dingles, the haunt of the bell-bird and the tui, steal away into the arms of the hills.

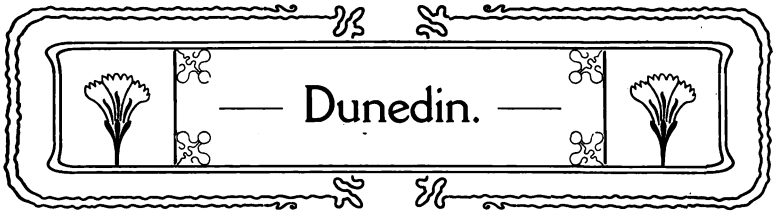
Waikouaiti, a pretty farming district, is passed at 199 miles. At the mouth of Waikouaiti Bay is the site of one of the most important of the whaling-stations so numerous on the New Zealand coast in the early days of colonisation.

Puketiraki (204 miles) is an interesting and picturesque spot. Inland are partially wooded hills; seawards there are rich pastures to the tide-verge. Near Puketiraki Station there is a Native settlement, the headquarters of the Ngatihuirapa and the Ngai-te-Ruahikihiki sections of the Ngaitahu Tribe. Seaward will be seen a high green peninsula, rimmed by shining beaches. This is Huriawa, on which are still to be seen the remains of one of the most famous of South Island Maori strongholds, Te Pa-a-Te-Wera ("Te Wera's Fort"). A road (about one mile) leads from the station through the Karitane Native village to the historic peninsula, a portion of which is now a public recreation reserve. Just on the northern neck of the peninsula, before the ascent to the pa begins, is the site of "Johnny" Jones's whaling-station, established here sixty years ago. Further along the peninsula, on the northern side, are the sites of the later whaling-stations of T. Parata and others, which were in operation in the "seventies." The lines of the olden parapets of Te Wera's pa can still be traced, and there are innumerable earth ovens (*hangi*), and other remains of ancient Maoridom. Near the outer end of the peninsula there are some remarkable blowholes, where, in rough weather, the surf spouts with tremendous force through cavernous passages. There is a solitary spring of water on Huriawa, trickling down through the grass. It was this water-supply (so often wanting in Maori fortifications) that enabled Te Wera's garrison to hold out for many months against their northern enemies in a great siege about one hundred and thirty years ago.

At 206 miles is Seacliff (hotel), a favourite seaside resort.

The railroad now curves round Blueskin Bay (Native name, Waiputi), so called by the early settlers after an old Maori chief who lived here and who was so deeply tattooed that he received the nickname of "Blueskin." At the head of the bay is Waitati (a corruption of the original name Waitete—"Spirting Water"). Near Purakaunui (218 miles) the line ascends to about 370 ft. and skirts the verge of a perpendicular cliff (Te Tau-a-Tarawhata), where the terminal spurs of Mount Cargill drop abruptly to the ocean. This is a remarkably fine seascape. Far below the surf breaks in long crescents of foam on the gently shelving sands, or, if it be high tide, right against the foot of the precipice.

At 222 miles is Port Chalmers (pop. about 2,500), a busy seaport in a deep and sheltered bay, where most of the ocean-steamers trading to the harbour discharge and load. Here is a large graving-dock, with 80-ton shear-legs for heavy lifts, and ship-repairing plant. From Port Chalmers to Dunedin (seven miles) the line closely skirts the harbour.



(Population, 57,000.)

CLUBS.—Fernhill, Otago, Commercial Travellers'.

POST, TELEGRAPH, AND MONEY-ORDER OFICES.—The General Post-office, Princes Street, is open every day except Sunday from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. The telegraph-office, which is at the corner of High and Bond Streets, is open on week-days from 8 a.m. to midnight; on Sundays from 9.30 a.m. to 10 a.m., and from 5 p.m. to 5.30 p.m.; and on holidays from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.; and from 7 p.m. to midnight. The money-order office is open from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. For further particulars see "Post and Telegraph Guide," price 6d.

CONVEYANCES.—Cable trams run up the hills to Mornington, Roslyn, and Kaikorai; an electric car runs from Roslyn to Maori Hill, and electric and horse trams run to St. Clair, Ocean Beach, and North-east Valley.

CAB-FARES.—From wharf or railway-station to hotel or *vice-versa*, 2s. each. The fare by the hour is 4s. for one-horse cabs; 5s. per hour for two horses.

NEWSPAPERS.—*Otago Daily Times* (morning); *Evening Star* (daily); *Otago Witness* (weekly).

GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE.—3, Lower High Street, opposite telegraph-office.

DUNEDIN, the fourth largest city in New Zealand, is the metropolis of Otago Province, and the seaport for an extensive and richly productive district. The city curves along the upper shores of Otago Harbour, and rises in tiers of white relieved by pleasant gardens and the never-fading green of native trees and shrubbery to the heights that rim it on the north and west. Its most handsome buildings are the two chief Presbyterian places of worship — First Church and Knox Church. When the Otago Settlement was founded, in 1848, the shores of the harbour were densely covered with beautiful native forest, some of which has been preserved to this day in the "Town Belt" (a long narrow reserve bounding the city on the land side) and in the Botanical Gardens and elsewhere. The name Otago is a corruption of the olden Maori name Otakou, derived from the local Native word for the red ochre with which the warriors

painted their faces, and which was used for painting the posts of their palisaded villages and the carved slabs in their houses. Otakou was a settlement of the Ngaitahu Tribe at the Heads. Otago Harbour is about thirteen miles in length. All large ocean-steamers visiting the harbour formerly berthed at Port Chalmers, but the dredging of a deep channel to Dunedin now enables vessels drawing 26 ft. of water to lie alongside the city wharves. From this port the first cargo of frozen meat exported from the colony was despatched to London, a quarter of a century ago, by a sailing-ship fitted with a refrigerator —the humble beginning of a great trade which is now one of the mainstays of the country, and which is worth some three millions sterling per annum, ranking second only to wool in the list of our staple exports.

THE CITY OF DUNEDIN.

Dunedin was founded by Scottish Presbyterians, and the Scots element is still a marked characteristic of the place. The courageous pioneers who landed on the Otepoti Beach from the "John Wickliff" and "Philip Laing," in 1848, found here a goodly land which more than fulfilled their highest hopes. The grand scenery, too, the cloud-capped hills, the woody glens, and the noble lakes, reminded them of their beloved Caledonia, and when they explored the inland parts they conferred many an olden home-name upon mountain, loch, and stream. Caledonian societies, Burns clubs, and other Scottish institutions

To face page 14.]

SOME DUNEDIN VIEWS.

THE QUEEN'S STATUE. RAILWAY-STATION. LAW COURTS. THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS

lourish; the Gaelic tongue is by no means forgotten, and the sound of the pibroch, "voice of the glens and hills," is here familiar music. The citizens treasure the memory of Dunedin's founders: there are monuments to Captain Cargill, the official agent of the Free Church Association, which established the settlement, and to the Rev. Dr. Burns, nephew of the poet Burns, the minister of the first church, and his successor, Dr. Stuart. Another city monument is one to Robert Burns.

The Otago University College is an excellent institution, with good medical school; professorial teaching staff in arts, law, science, and medicine. There is a good reference library attached to the college. n Great King Street are the Dunedin Museum and the Art Gallery, pen from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

EXCURSIONS.

Of short excursion-routes and pretty walks and drives there is no ck in and around Dunedin. A pleasant drive or walk is that along e "Queen's Drive," through the wooded Town Belt, along the side the hills above the city. From this commanding position there are ery fine views of the city and the water and the beautiful green hills nd farm-lands that slope down to the opposite shores of Otago Harbour. More comprehensive still are the panoramas that unfold themselves from the Roslyn Heights, reached in a few minutes by cable tram rom the heart of the city. Dunedin and its suburbs and environs are spread out before the eye as on a map, from this elevation of some 500 ft. to 700 ft., and inland the vision extends to the distant ranges. From these hilltops the excursion may be extended north or south, by electric tram or on foot. On the northern side, a steep descent along a rocky hillside brings one to the Botanical Gardens, a green and shady spot, with some of the original light bush still standing, and resounding with the song of birds. The northern side of the gardens is backed by a picturesque wooded hillside, under which runs the meandering "Water of Leith," a little stream which the Maoris called the Owheo. Higher up, in the Woodhaugh Valley, is the Nichol's Creek Waterfall, a very pretty cascade in a wooded glen. The distance from the city to the fall is a little over three miles. There is a frequent electric-tram service past the gates of the Botanical Gardens.

Returning from Mornington by foot on the south side, there is a walk through a little wooded valley, locally known as "The Glen."

Ocean Beach and St. Clair are favourite seaside resorts, reached by a short tram journey. There are good salt-water swimming-baths at St. Clair and surf-bathing may be enjoyed.

An excellent drive is from the city over the Blueskin Range to Waiati and back by the Woodhaugh Valley: total distance twenty-two

miles. Another drive is to Mosgiel (eight miles), where there are large woollen-mills; branching off to the left six miles from Dunedin is the road to Brighton (twelve miles from Dunedin), a pretty seaside spot with a fine beach. Four miles beyond Mosgiel is Outram Glen, a favourite picnicking nook.

An attractive drive is to Portobello (12 miles), skirting the shores of the harbour. Steam-launches also convey excursionists to Portobello and other resorts around the harbour.

CORNER OF HIGH STREET AND PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.

Mount Cargill (2,100 ft.) and Flagstaff Hill (2,000 ft.) overlook the city on the north. There is considerable native bush on the ridges and in the valleys. To the Maoris the Flagstaff heights are known as Whakaari. The ancient war-track from the north to Otago Harbour ran over this range, which is very frequently shrouded in thick mist and fog. The Maoris dreaded these sometimes fatal mists, and on ascending the mountain would recite *karakia* or incantations for the purpose of clearing the path. Sometimes, again, a party of fugitives retreating before a hostile force would hail the mist as their salvation, and would repeat *karakia* appealing to the gods of the air to cause dense fogs and thick swirling clouds to descend upon their path and

conceal them from their pursuers. A portion of the wooded side of Whakaari Mountain facing Dunedin (about 140 acres) is now a State scenic reserve.

The Taieri River.

A popular one-day outing is to Henley and down the Taieri River to the sea. The first portion of the journey is by rail to Henley, twenty-one miles, thence by steam-launch to the beach. There is a good hotel at Henley-on-Taieri. The river is of considerable size, tidal for many miles, and below Henley runs through a rocky partially-wooded gorge for some distance. Sandy beaches stretch seawards from the wharf near the Heads. Opposite the mouth of the river is Motu-rata ("Island of the Rata-tree"), an islet on which there was a whaling-station in the "forties" of last century. Several historic spots are pointed out on the river-side. About half-way down the river, on the left-hand side, is a projecting rocky cliff, memorising an incident of the olden days. Some distance back from the river, on Te Moua Hill, there stood 250 years ago a fortified village of the Ngatimamoe, where a chief named Tuhokairaki dwelt. A war-party laid siege to the pa, and some of the garrison sallying out, a battle was fought on the hills. The chiefs Moua and Tamakaipapa and a number of their men were killed. Tuhokairaki, finding his retreat to the pa cut off, made for the Taieri, intending to swim the river. He ran down to the cliffs, closely pursued, and leaped from this rock. One of his foemen, however, was posted on the margin of the river, armed with a long spear. As Tuhokairaki jumped, the warrior below caught him on the point of his spear and transfixed him. The fatal rock is to this day known as "Te Rerenga-a-Tuhokairaki" ("The Leap of Tuhokairaki"). Near the river-mouth (right) is "Te Rerenga-a-Hakitekura," a cliff pointed out by the Maoris as the spot where a young chieftainess named Hakitekura met her death while attempting to join her lover in his canoe.

Muir and Moodie, photo, Dunedin.]

MOUTH OF TAIERI RIVER, AND MOTU-RATA ISLAND.

PORT MOLYNEUX.

This picturesque spot, which lies about sixty miles to the south of Dunedin, is a favourite summer resort for people from all parts of Otago. It is reached by way of the branch railway from Balclutha to Romahapa (eight miles), with a drive of about six miles from there. An alternative route is by launch from Kaitangata. The first bay of importance reached is Willsher Bay, a beautiful picnicking spot.

Some four miles beyond this is another beach, called Nugget Bay. Beautiful beaches occur at intervals between Nugget Bay and Nuggets Lighthouse, backed up by wooded hills and picturesque valleys. The lighthouse is built on a prominent conical hill, and commands a very extensive view of the coast north and south. The southern bays are good fishing-grounds, where hapuku of great size are caught in abundance, also rock and blue cod, kingfish, and barracouta.

CATLIN'S RIVER DISTRICT.

Some of the most attractive scenery on the coast is to be found in the Catlin's River District and neighbourhood, south of the Nuggets. In the vicinity of Catlin's is the Tautuku District, which contains the most extensive forest area on the east coast of the South Island, amounting to something like 200,000 acres. It extends from Catlin's River nearly to Fortrose on the south, a distance of some fifty miles, and inland for twenty-five or thirty miles.

The Catlin's District is reached by rail from Balclutha to Owaka, nineteen miles, and to Catlin's River Station and bridge, twenty-two miles.

CATLIN'S LAKE is a fine sheet of tidal water, into which the river of that name discharges. At the foot of the lake is situated POUNAWEA, a small village which has a boardinghouse (7s. per day, or £1 10s. per week). Boating, fishing, shooting, and bathing can be enjoyed to the full on the lake, and there are numerous pretty bays and beautiful tracts of bush worth a visit. OWAKA is the headquarters for fishing the Owaka River, which teems with trout. There are two places of accommodation (6s. and 8s. per day).

Should the traveller be disposed to push on to see the attractive country beyond the Catlin's River Railway-station, he will find an accommodation-house, in the Mackenzie Valley, Ratanui. Some three miles beyond that point Purakaunui Stream is reached;

about a quarter of a mile down from the road there is a beautiful waterfall well worth visiting. Ten miles further on the TAHAKAPU beach is reached. The view from the hill before descending to the beach is beautiful beyond description; as far as the eye can reach are sandy beaches, wooded headlands, and pretty islets; inland, range after range of forest-clad hill and mountain are to be seen. Immediately before reaching the beach the coach sweeps round a rocky bluff, directly below which is an extensive timbered flat. The summer visitor looks down, as it were, upon a magnificently designed carpet of foliage, through which flash the brilliant colours of many flowering trees. The beach is three miles in length, and terminates at the outlet of the Tahakapu River. Some two or three miles up the estuary the main Tahakapu and Maclennan Rivers unite. A boating trip on these two rivers affords an opportunity for seeing the glories of our forests from a water highway that cannot be equalled in Otago. The Tahakapu, which is the larger, is about a hundred yards wide where it joins the Maclennan, and for many miles inland it is a broad sheet of water, surrounded by beautiful forest, the greater portion of which is as yet untouched by the hand of man. Towards the upper reaches the giant beeches and feathery kowhai meet overhead, festooned with ferns and with parasitic plants, chief of which is the red flowering mistletoe. At certain seasons of the year the forests and the waterways are alive with native birds.

Tahakapu Valley stretches some twenty-five miles inland, and is as yet scarcely known to the outside world, and it is because of this that it offers additional inducement to the tourist and sportsman. The river abounds with trout. At the upper end of the valley good pig-hunting can be had, and, in the wilder parts, cattle-hunting. A climb to the top of Caberfeidh (1,100 ft.) will give an extensive view of the whole country. On the tops of the hills above the rimu area hundreds of acres are covered with great prostrate rata trees. There is good accommodation (£1 5s. to £1 10s. per week), about six miles from the mouth of the river. At the mouth is situated two accommodation-houses (£1 10s. per week).

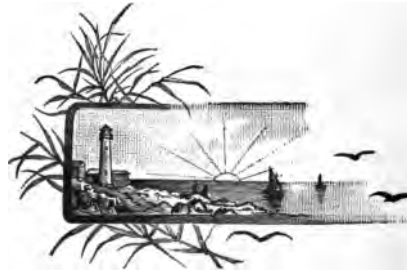
On the northern side of the inlet there are Maori middens of great size and antiquity. This neighbourhood must, at one time, have carried a large Native population, and a study of the locality is most interesting to the antiquarian and naturalist. When the Maoris lived there the moa must have furnished an article of diet. The kiwi and kakapo must also have then been abundant in these regions, because their bones, together with those of the moa, pigeons, and kaka parrots, are all found mixed together, and intermixed with them are the implements of the Natives. Human bones have also been found.

The entrance to the Tahakapu River and the surroundings are exceedingly beautiful. On the southern side the banks are lined with

rata trees, the lower branches of which shoot out horizontally for 50 ft. and upwards, and during midsummer are one blaze of crimson flower. There are many interesting caves at the north end of the beach not even known to the local residents.

Proceeding from Tahakapu some few miles, TAUTUKU beach is reached. This was in the early days a whaling-station, remains of which are still to be traced. Two miles beyond Tautuku there are some very large caverns, known as the Cathedral Caves, which should be visited if time admits. The road from this point to Waikawa, some twenty miles, traverses beautiful forest.

A coach runs daily from Catlin's River Railway-station to Mrs. Scott's accommodation-house, Tahakapu. Beyond that point conveyances can be arranged for either at Geddes', Catlin's River, White's, or Scott's.



.. Invercargill. ..

(Population, about 12,000).

CLUB.—Invercargill (non-residential).

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE, ETC.—(Hours as in Dunedin).

NEWSPAPERS.—*Southland Times* (daily), *News* (daily), *Weekly News* (weekly).

CAB-FARES.—Railway-station to hotel, 1s. Per hour: one horse, 4s.; two horses, 5s. Double fares between 10 p.m. and 8 a.m.

GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE.—Esk Street, near railway-station.

PASSENGERS from Melbourne and Hobart land at the Bluff, the port of Invercargill. There is a train journey of seventeen miles to the town. Invercargill is the chief town of Southland, an exceedingly productive agricultural and pastoral district, and is the southern starting-point for the Lakes. Dunedin is 139 miles distant by rail. From the Bluff, several millions of bushels of oats are exported annually, besides very large quantities of wool, frozen mutton, frozen fish, cheese, butter, and other produce. Five railway-lines concentrate at Invercargill. There are two routes to Lake Wakatipu, one (direct) is eighty-seven miles in length, the other (*via* Gore, where the line junctions with that from Dunedin) is 114 miles. The two routes junction at Lumsden, thirty-seven miles south of Wakatipu, the starting-point of the coach-drive to Lakes Te Anau and Manapouri.

Invercargill has been called a town of "magnificent distances." It stands on a perfectly level plain, washed by shallow tidal-river waters (the New River, or Oreti estuary), has fine, wide streets, and is in no way cramped for room. The hotels and other principal

business places and the public buildings are all of brick, concrete, (limestone. There are liberal reserves of open spaces for recreatic purposes, and along the Town Belt there are some pretty walks. Tl little Otarewa Stream (commonly called the Puni by residents) ru through the town, and there are well-laid-out public gardens on i banks. The only place where a comprehensive view of the town ar surrounding country is to be obtained is from the top of the Wat Tower, a lofty brick structure, to which water is pumped and stor in a large reservoir, from which the municipality is supplied. Visito are admitted to the tower, which stands in well-kept garden ground From the tower balcony (90 ft. high) the distant many-peaked ran of the Takitimu will be seen away to the north-west; in the sout west the range of vision extends to the mountains of Stewart Island

Like Dunedin, Invercargill is an excellent centre for the angl Splendid trout-fishing may be had in the New River (Oreti), Waim tuku, Aparima, and Waiau, all within easy reach by rail; and the i numerable smaller streams running through the farm-lands north the town afford good sport. In the large rivers trout running up 15 lb. in weight have been caught. All information as to the be fishing-waters, means of access, &c., will be obtained at the Inve cargill office of the Tourist Department.

An attractive short rail run (twenty-six miles) is to RIVERTON, rural town near the mouth of the Aparima (Jacob's River), whi abounds in trout. Riverton is the oldest settlement in Southlan and was once a busy whaling-station. In the vicinity is the Pur purakino Creek, a pretty bush-fringed river much frequented l boating parties.

Five miles further on by rail is COLAC BAY (Oraka), a sawmillı village, close to a beautiful hard sandy beach, a favourite picnic rende vous for Southlanders. Fronting the beach is the little Native settl ment Oraka, the home of about fifty Maoris and half-castes, among whom are a number of the hardy and daring old whalers and seale of bygone years.

OREPUKI (properly Aropaki), at the terminus of the rail-line (fort three miles from Invercargill), is frequently visited by anglers (their way to the mouth of the Waiau River, noted for its monster se run trout. Orepuki is on the eastern shore of Te Waewae Bay, ar is about ten miles from the mouth of the Waiau. Two of the loc hotels maintain permanent fishing-camps at the river-mouth.

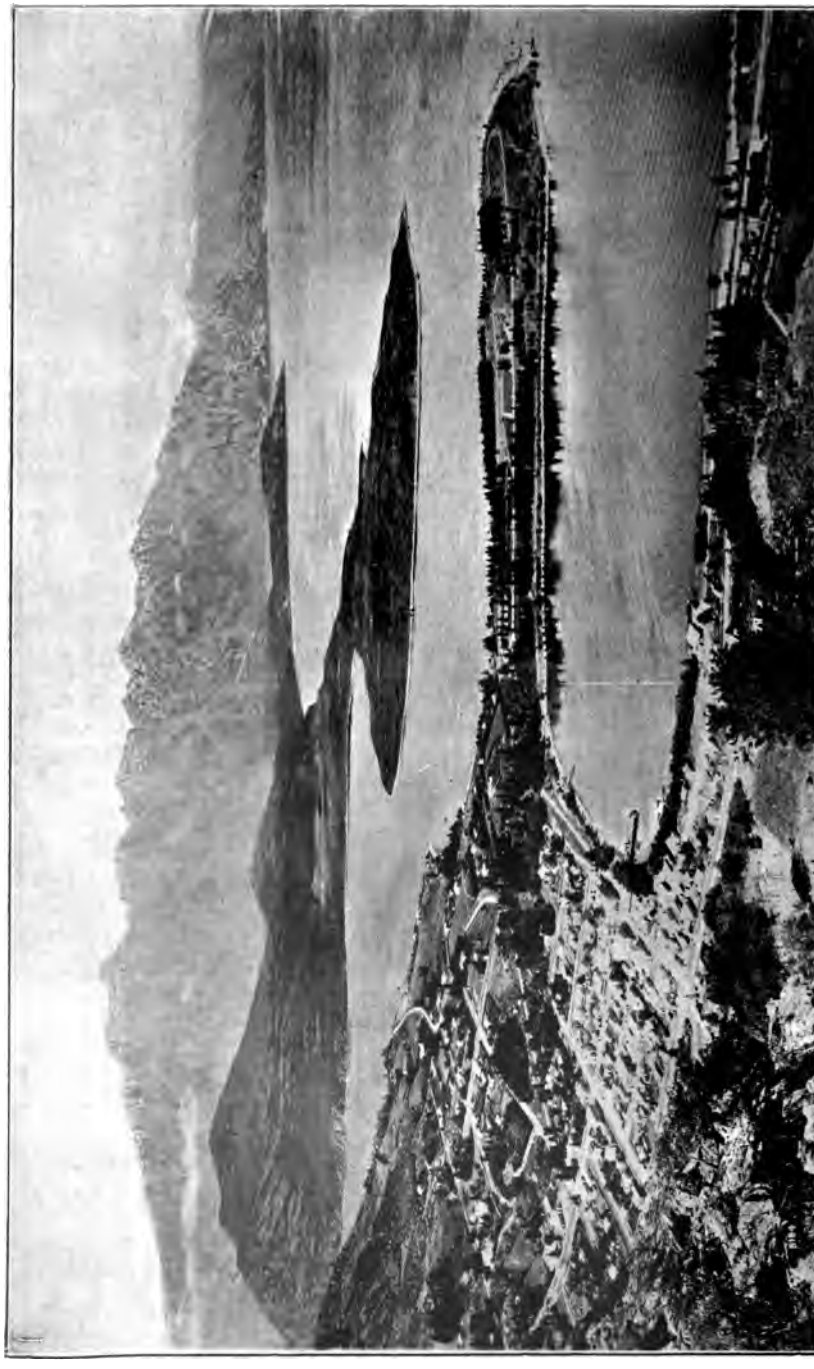
STEWART ISLAND is dealt with in a separate chapter, page 153

Lake Wakatipu.

Rail from Dunedin (174 miles) or Invercargill (87 miles or 114 miles) to Kingston, thence steamer, 25 miles, to Queenstown; one day. (Special excursion fares during summer months.)

Alternative routes: (1.) Rail from Dunedin to Omakau (120 miles), thence coach (74 miles) *via* Cromwell to Queenstown; two days. (2.) Rail from Dunedin to Lawrence (60 miles), thence coach to Queenstown (131 miles); night spent *en route* at Roxburgh; two days. (By taking these routes Lakes Wanaka and Hawea may also be visited.)

WINDING like a great blue serpent round the knees of lofty mountain-crags, its waters immensely deep and of an intense azure hue, Wakatipu is one of the most remarkable of Alpine lakes. Its surface is over a thousand feet above the sea; its ice-gouged floor sinks to more than two hundred feet below the ocean-level. Nearly everywhere it is walled by mountains with extremely bold and rugged peaks rising to altitudes of from 5,000 ft. to 7,000 ft. and 8,000 ft., and culminating at its head in the icy heights of Earnslaw, over 9,000 ft. Many snow-fed rivers, some of them rising in beautiful alpine tarns, flow swiftly into the lake, and from its eastern side issues a mighty stream which, gathering in other rivers as it goes, discharges into the ocean a volume of water said to be sixteen times as large as that of the English Thames. In shape Wakatipu is long and narrow, curving along the deeply hollowed bed of an ancient glacier, fifty miles in length, with a mean breadth of two and one-third miles and an extreme depth of 1,242 ft. The southern arm (which is the deepest) runs north and south for about twenty miles, then the lake is abruptly deflected to the west for about twelve miles, and again bends sharply northwards. It covers an area of about 113 square miles, and ranks as the third largest lake in New Zealand. In



GLENSTOWN, LAKE WAKATIPU.

some of its narrowest parts, where it is barely two miles across, the dark precipitous mountains which confine its waters rise nearly perpendicularly to majestic heights, and throw their shadows from side to side of the silent fiord-like lake. Infinite variety, however, is a characteristic of Wakatipu. Along its shores there are many spots of quiet sylvan beauty, where crystalline brooks rush down through ferny dingles and scented woods to the wider stretches of the lake; and one of the prettiest of Alpine villages is the little water-side township of Queenstown, with its white houses, its gardens, and tree-groves, and its shady park rimmed by a shining crescent of sandy beach. Wakatipu has been termed "New Zealand's Lucerne"; the rich blue of its waters has been likened to that of the Lago Maggiore.

The origin of Lake Wakatipu is accounted for in a fashion thoroughly Maori. When the high chief Rakaihaitu, of the ancient people who preceded the now extinct Ngatimamoe in the occupation of the South Island—the "Canoe of Maui"—arrived in this Island in the canoe Uruao from the South Sea Islands, about a thousand years ago, he explored the new land and took possession of the eastern seaboard and the land sloping up therefrom to the snowy mountains. Rakaihaitu, in common with many other Polynesian explorers, was in time credited with the deeds of a demigod. The classical name for the South Island lakes is "Nga-Puna-wai-karikari-a-Rakaihaitu" ("The water-pools dug by Rakaihaitu"). The energetic chief is said to have begun his labours by scooping out with his great *ko* (a wooden spade used in the kumara-plantations) the bed of the lake known as Wairewa (Lake Forsyth), Banks Peninsula. Then he strode southwards, halting frequently to form a lake where he thought it was needed. His crowning triumph was Wakatipu, whose crooked channel he hollowed out between the mountains with infinite toil and many fervent incantations. "Nga-wai-karikari-a-Rakaihaitu" is a proverbial expression still used by the Maoris in allusion to the southern lakes.

Whakatipu is the original Maori name of the lake, but the pakeha has dropped the "h." "Whakatipu" means "to nourish, to rear," from the root-word "tipu" or "tupu," to grow or increase, to spring up as a tree.

The principal route to Wakatipu is by rail to Kingston, at the southern extremity of the lake. The railway-train from Dunedin traverses the fertile Taieri and Tokomairiro Plains, and crosses at 52 miles the great Clutha or Molyneux River, which drains the central lakes. At Gore Junction (99 miles) carriages are changed for Kingston, and the traveller is borne across the Waimea Plains, a very fine agricultural district with the Hokonui Ranges bounding it on the left hand; away to the right are the Waikaka and Waikaia goldfields.

At Lumsden a junction is made with the Invercargill–Kingston Railway. From here to the lake the land is almost entirely pastoral, and the mountains gradually close in until in the immediate vicinity of Kingston they attain altitudes of from 5,000 ft. to 6,000 ft. Kingston township itself stands on the rocky terminal moraine of the ancient Wakatipu glacier. This was the site of the olden Maori village of Takerehaka. Leaving the railway-train, the traveller transfers to one of the Government steamers bound for Queenstown, a run of about twenty-two miles. Dinner is served on board.

(For routes *via* Omakau and Lawrence see page 30.)

THE SOUTH ARM: KINGSTON TO QUEENSTOWN.

The Southern Arm of Wakatipu is in some respects the most striking section of the lake. Its narrowness, the profound blue of its depths, the exceedingly precipitous, lofty, and broken character of its mountain-walls are features which strongly impress the traveller as he steams up the calm lake in the late afternoon or early evening. Above Kingston, on the left, are the craggy peaks of the Eyre Mountains, rising to nearly 7,000 ft., snow-sprinkled and cloud-wreathed, and on the right are the heights of the Hector Mountains, poetically called by the Maoris Tapuae-'nuku, "The Footsteps of Uenuku"—the Rainbow God—because they were so often seen spanned by rainbows. Leaving the wharf, the steamer's course is steered within a short distance of the jutting rocks, shaded by clumps of olearia, flowering koromiko, and bright-green makomako. These shrubberies climb but a little way up the steeply slanting mountains, which soon stand out bold, intractable, and bare, shooting skywards into savage blades and ragged turrets, and seamed with many a deep *couloir*, the race-track of the avalanches.

These mountains—and particularly Mount Dick, which towers 5,000 ft. immediately above the steamer, on the left—were regarded with dread by the Maoris, who peopled their austere heights and many-rifted recesses with giants and fairies (*maeroero*). The superstitious Native of olden days, forever hearing uncanny sounds and reading strange omens in earth and sky, was careful not to venture too close to the haunts of the *maeroero*. On gloomy and misty days, when the fog descended and enveloped these heights, the fairy people could be heard singing songs in a ghostly cadence and calling to each other; and then, too, resounded the faint and plaintive music of the *koauau*,

or nose-flute, and the doleful note of the *putorino* horn, and the voices of the fairy children laughing and singing above the clouds. A quaint story of these *maero* mountains used to be told by the late chief Paitu, an old-time warrior of Riverton. When he was a youth, he said, he lived where Kingston now stands. The shores of Wakatipu abounded in fat wood-hens (weka), and Paitu and his companions spent much of their time in hunting them for food. The elder people warned him not to cross a certain little stream at the base of the mountains, for beyond it, they said, was the home of the *maeroero*, amidst dark overhanging cliffs. "You may hear the cry of the weka beyond the creek," Paitu was told, "but beware, the *maero* will have you if you cross." One night Paitu, hunting wekas as usual with his dog, found himself close to the forbidden stream, and hearing the cry of the weka on the other side waded through, unmindful of the warning. He crept along through the low shrubbery to a clump of mikimiki bushes, where the bird was feeding on the berries. Holding his dog in leash, he began to "turutu"—that is, to imitate the high wailing cry of the weka, so as to lure it within catching-distance. Enticing the wood-hen closer and closer he quietly sent his dog at it. The dog seized the bird, but next moment there was a terrific yelp, and the animal flew back trembling and whining, and through the darkness Paitu heard a gruff voice exclaim "E-e! Taku weka momona!" ("Ha! My fat wood-hen!") It was the *maero*. With hair on end, Paitu left his weka to the *maero*, and splashed homeward through the creek, fearing every moment to feel the grip of the mountain-ogre on his shoulder; and he and his dog ventured no more into the haunted spot. The old Maoris to this day speak of certain of these dark and lowering heights as "Nga Puke-maeroero" ("The Hills of the Fairies").

On the eastern side of the lake, just opposite Mount Dick and its beech-clothed ravines, is the precipitous "Devil's Staircase," the dread of travellers in the old days, when the only track to Queenstown lay round its narrow ledges, high above the water. Here, in the early sixties, Mr. William Gilbert Rees, the European pioneer of Wakatipu, had the misfortune to lose a large mob of cattle, which, taking fright while being driven round the dangerous cliff-side, "followed the leader" over the terrible precipice. Mr. Rees first set foot on the shores of Wakatipu in 1860, after an adventurous journey up the trackless gorges of the Clutha River. He was accompanied by Nicholas von Tunzelmann (after whom Mount Nicholas, higher up the lake, is named). Mr. Rees made his home where Queenstown now stands, but he had only two years of quiet occupation, for in 1860 the rich Wakatipu goldfields were discovered, and thousands of diggers rushed to the field and spread their white tents in the wild valleys and round the rocky shores of the great lake, and the pioneer settler's homestead was speedily converted into a lively gold-digging town.

The Bay Peaks, sheer precipices of nearly 5,500 ft., are passed on the left, and Half-way Bay is opened out—a pretty inlet with a narrow valley through which the Lochy River comes rushing to the lake from mountains of the Eyre Range. Mr. Keith Lucas, of England, who made a bathymetrical survey of the principal New Zealand lakes in 1902, took 194 soundings in Wakatipu, and found its greatest depth to be 1,242 ft.; the deepest part, with an almost level floor, extends from the feet of the Bay Peaks to the bend of the lake just opposite Queenstown. Mr. Lucas's chart (published in the Royal Geographical Society's Journal, May, 1904) shows soundings of over 1,200 ft., extending over a distance of more than twelve miles. "Transverse sections," he writes, "taken at almost any part of the lake resemble one another to a remarkable degree. They show steep slopes leading down from opposite shores to a wide level floor, of a width equal to, or rather greater than, half the width of the lake at surface-level. This characteristic trough-like formation is most marked where the depth is considerable."

Now even wilder and more grimly fantastic mountain-summits rise on either side of the narrow waterway, gorgeously tinted with the glowing colours of the sunset, which find a glorious mirror in the glassy bosom of the lake. The sunrise and sunset effects on these mountains are, indeed, to many the greatest charms of Wakatipu scenery. On our left are the Bayonet Peaks, rising into spiked

THE REMARKABLES, LAKE WAKATIPU, IN WINTER.

pinnacles of desolate rock, 4,000 ft. above us. Next comes Mount Cecil (6,477 ft.), heaving forth its buttress into the purple depths, and now the lake bends sharply to the west. As we draw away from the eastern shore we open out above the cliffs the grandest mountain-picture of all—the whole front of the Remarkables, a long serrated range of shark's-tooth peaks, carved sharply against the sky, rising near their northern end into the Double Cone, twin crags of knife-like rock (7,688 ft.). Snow-clad, the Remarkables are a wonderful sight—a stupendous ragged saw-edge of glittering white. The summer visitor, however, usually sees the monstrous sierra bared to the mother-rock, with seldom a snowfall to help hide its huge deformity. The whole face of the range is a vast jumble of sharp ridges and deeply cut *couloirs*, down which the broken bones of the mountains are ever crumbling to the valleys.

The Maoris knew this strangely carven range as Kopuwai. It was so called because a fierce *ngarara*, or *tipua*, a monstrous ogre, half-man half-reptile, named Kopu-wai ("Water-Swallower"), lived, according to the legend, in a cave near the eastern side of the mountains, facing the Matau (Clutha) River, which carries Wakatipu's overflow waters to the sea. Kopu-wai was a voracious man-eater, and many a helpless Maori traveller he captured and devoured. One day he caught a woman named Kaiamio, whom he made his wife. To prevent her escaping when he was asleep, he made her fast by a flax string, one end of which he plaited into her hair while the other end he tied to one of his saurian legs. Watching her opportunity, when her horrid lord was surfeited with a feast of human flesh, and slept heavily, she unplaited her end of the line, and tied it to a strong bunch of swamp-grass that grew in front of the cave. Then she quickly launched a small *mokihi*, a raft of raupo reeds and the light, dry flower-stems of the flax, that she had made in anticipation of such an emergency, and paddled away down the swift-flowing Matau. When the *ngarara* awoke and found that his slave-wife had escaped after playing such a trick upon him, he opened wide his fearful jaws and attempted to swallow the whole river. He succeeded in drinking a great part of it, so that the river-bed for many miles was laid bare, but luckily Kaiamio was by this time far down the Matau, and she rejoined her friends in safety.

Straight ahead, backing the Queenstown slopes, is the rocky pile of Bowen Peak (5,322 ft.), and to the left opens out the middle arm or western stretch of the lake. On the right, behind a green peninsula, is the Frankton arm, from which issues the swift Kawarau Stream, the main feeder of the Clutha. A few minutes more and the steamer brings up at the Queenstown wharf.

ALTERNATIVE ROUTES TO LAKE WAKATIPU.

Dunedin to Queenstown via Omakau.

There are two routes through Central Otago by which Queenstown can be reached, each involving a certain amount of coaching. Good coach services are provided on both routes.

That mostly patronised by tourists is by the railway-line running from Dunedin to Omakau, which for many miles traverses the rugged gorge of the Taieri River, and goes through the celebrated Strath-Taieri and the Maniatoto Plains, noted for their agricultural products and for the fine polled Angus cattle which are reared and fattened upon them. Those who wish to visit the erstwhile busy mining townships of Naseby and St. Bathan's can do so by making a short divergence from the line.

At Omakau, 120 miles from Dunedin, the traveller finds himself at an elevation of close upon 2,000 ft. above the sea. Within a mile of the Omakau Railway-station is the old gold-digging township of Ophir.

At Omakau the coach is taken for Clyde and Cromwell, the road skirting the Molyneux River, where numerous gold dredges are to be seen at work. The night is spent at Clyde township, and the following day the journey is continued either to Queenstown (Lake Wakatipu) or Pembroke (Lake Wanaka) at will. Should the latter route be adopted, it affords an opportunity of visiting both Lakes Wanaka and Hawea, which lie close together, and Queenstown can be reached from there in a day.

Dunedin to Queenstown via Lawrence.

This route is by rail from Dunedin to Lawrence and thence by coach through Millar's Flat, where mining is being carried on by both hydraulic sluicing and gold-dredging, to Roxburgh, the centre of the fruit-growing Teviot district. The night is spent at Roxburgh, and the next day is occupied in coaching to Cromwell *via* Alexandra and Clyde, where the coach from Omakau is picked up.

.. QUEENSTOWN. ..

(Population about 750.)

l telegraph offices. Athenæum and Public Library. Churches: Angli- Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Wesleyan.

—Eichardt's (10s. per day), Supreme Court Hotel (8s.), McBride's (8s.), ntaineer (6s.). Several boardinghouses (6s. per day).

ɜnstown, besides being the centre from which many very fine outes radiate, is a charming little retreat for a quiet holiday. e of the healthiest places in the colony, and its altitude (about . above sea-level) and pure, dry, invigorating mountain air are ,nt factors in its advantages as a natural sanatorium. As a esort for invalids suffering from affections of the lungs, Queens- as the recommendation of many physicians In the winter ;he rainfall is small; snow rarely lies for more than one or two the atmosphere is calm, the nights frosty, and the days clear, and warm. The summer climate has been likened to that of 'n Italy. Grapes, peaches, and other fruit requiring summer ıdily ripen in the open air.

IN QUEENSTOWN BAY.

Hart, photo.] IN THE DOMAIN, QUEENSTOWN.

Unlike many New Zealand townships, Queenstown has a restful, old-fashioned air, and its winding roads afford some charming walks The Esplanade, curving round the white beach, is shaded by weeping willows, and on the seats beneath the trees the visitor may leisurely enjoy the long summer evenings, or on his "lazy days" admire the changing tints on lake and crag, and watch the trout in the beautifully clear water, through which they may be seen as through a glass, outlined against the silver sands.

In this bay a peculiar phenomenon may at times be observed. On the calmest days, when the lake spreads out to the far shore an unrippled sheet of oily blue, it frequently rises and falls with a rhythmic movement like some giant heart-beat. The rise and fall varies from 3 in. to 6 in. or more in a few minutes, but the movement is so gradual that there is no disturbance of the smooth surface. This recurrent gentle heaving and subsiding of the lake waters may be more particularly noticed after an unusually heavy influx of rain or snow water into Wakatipu. By some observers it has been ascribed to the strong and swaying current of the water discharged into the head of the lake by the Dart and Rees and other rivers; by others to the periodical and

regular reflux caused by the piling-up of the waters at the narrow Kawarau outlet, where the storm-water is discharged down rocky rapids, as down a chute, in violent rushes at regular intervals of time, corresponding with the observed rise and fall of the lake. The latter theory seems to be the more probable, especially as Queenstown Bay is within a short distance of the outlet; but those of a scientific bent may devote some of their leisure to solving in their own way the mystery of the strange pulsing that agitates Wakatipu's waters.

The Queenstown Park, planted with tall eucalypti and pines and English and native trees, adjoins the town on the south, where the olden Maori village Te Kirikiri once stood. It is a long, green peninsula, its slopes strewn with ancient moraine rocks, now fast being covered with climbing trailers. Queenstown Bay, viewed from here, is an enchanting picture, with the white village and the green woods and mountains all reflected perfectly in its surface. Along the waterside may be seen specimens of the flowering kowhai, covered in the early spring with golden blossoms. In the middle of the park, on the summit of the peninsula, is an ornamental lakelet, which in winter time is sometimes frozen hard enough for skating. A bowling-green has been laid down for the use of visitors. Many a pleasant hour may be spent in the park, and none more full of quiet enjoyment than in the calm evening-time, with the Remarkables and Mount Cecil and the turreted Walter Peaks full in view, bathed with exquisite sunset colours.

Just at the back of the town is Queenstown Hill (2,958 ft.). There is a comfortably graded path to the summit, from which there are magnificent views of the lake, the Remarkables, the Crown Ranges, the green valley of the Kawarau, and the gorge of the Clutha. The climb, at an easy pace, occupies about three-quarters of an hour.

Another favourite walk is to the Waterworks (time, twenty minutes each way), in a picturesque wooded valley about a mile from the town. The Ben Lomond Track above the Esplanade is followed until finger-posts show where the path diverges.

Westward of the town a good road along the margin of the lake for several miles affords a charming walk or drive (half a day) as far as the "Five-mile" Creek. If a whole day is to be spent, Lake Dispute may be visited on foot from the road. The distance to the "Five-mile" is in reality considerably less than five miles, but the creek was named, like the "One-mile" and "Two-mile," by the gold-diggers who had to fight their way through thick scrub and bracken around the trackless shores.

EXCURSIONS FROM QUEENSTOW

1. Skipper's.

(Time: Skipper's, 23 miles and back, 1 day; Maori Point, 19 mile 1 day. Vehicles: Parties at 12s. 6d. per head.)

The drive or ride to Skipper's will be found a most inter After passing Arthur's Point, the road crosses the Dan Range at an elevation of 4,000 ft., afterwards following gorge through which the Shotover River flows. Immense of gold have been taken from the river itself, and from t reefs at Bullerdale and elsewhere. For some distance the been excavated from the face of an almost perpendicular high above the river, and, although there is really no d drive affords a pleasurable excitement to any one only accu "down-country" roads.

Among the numerous interesting incidents connected finds of large quantities of gold in the early sixties, the circ which led to the discovery of Maori Point, on the Shoto may be related. In 1862 a party of Maoris, accompanied in crossing the Shotover River at a dangerous ford, animal swept away by the rapid torrent. The dog manag a beach on the opposite side of the river. All the calls an of his masters could not induce him to re-enter the foamin which completely encircled the beach, from which esca was cut off by perpendicular rocks. At last one of tl a North Islander named Hakaraia, essayed to cross the rescue the dog. Not without considerable difficulty an his own life did the courageous fellow effect a crossing, dog, frightened of his master, fled to the foot of the cliff, fr in his vain attempts to scale the wall, he dislodged a quantit When the Maori reached the spot he saw the torn-up ground with specks of gold. At once signalising the discovery to they also crossed and set to work panning out the gold, and it was then late in the afternoon, 300 oz. of gold (worth £1 obtained before night set in.

2. To Arrowtown *via* Frankton, and Back by the Sh Gorge.

(Horses, 10s. to 15s.; Vehicles from £1 7s. 6d. upwards, according t party.)

This round trip covers about twenty-six miles, over g and through a diversity of mountain, and pastoral scene (driving or riding), about six hours, including a halt fo

SKIPPER'S GORGE.

GOLD-DREDGING IN SKIPPER'S GORGE.

Arrowtown. For fo
the road skirts the I
arm of the lake. A
may be made to tl
where the waters
Wakatipu find the
visible outlet into th
rau branch of the
From here a fine
the Remarkables is o
Rejoining the mai
the way lies chiefly
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Shotover Bridge a
skirting Lake Hayes.

On the return
the road for some m
verses an agricultura
Bowen Peak shov
front. Just before
the Arthur's Point
the Skipper's Track
for miles overhangs t
of the Shotover Ri
be observed. At th
itself a pause will b
to gaze down at the
seething 100 ft. belo
Shotover was so na
Mr. Rees after S
Park, the English r
of Mr. Gammie, on
partners. Arthur's
derives its name fro
who one Sunday
station at Queenstown to look for gold, and returned in the
with several pounds' weight, obtained with no better impleme
a knife and tin pannikin.

3. Ben Lomond (5,747 ft.).

(Horses, 7s. 6d. to 10s.)

The ascent of Ben Lomond can be made on horseback t
about 1,500 ft. of the summit. Refreshments, both liquid a
should be carried. Starting from the terrace above Queensto
a well-defined horse-track zigzags to the saddle between Ben

To face page 36.]

WAKATIPU'S SIERRAS. [The Southern Lakes and Fiords of New Zealand.

PANORAMA FROM SUMMIT OF BEN LOMOND (5,747 ft.), LOOKING NORTH.

(so christened by Duncan McCausland, Mr. Rees's shepherd, who thought it resembled its Scottish namesake) and Bowen Peak, this path having been in olden days the only means of conveying supplies to the Moke Creek and Moonlight Diggings. The journey should be made at a leisurely pace, and time allowed for numerous rests, which will afford opportunities of enjoying the exquisite views.

An easy ride of about one and a half hours will take the traveller up to the Saddle (4,300 ft.), where there is an iron hut. Tethering horses here, the final peak is attacked, a matter of about another hour and a half's climbing. The ascent is steep, but presents no special difficulties, even to ladies. Magnificent beyond words are the views from the slopes and summit of Ben Lomond under favourable atmospheric conditions. The grandest, most unforgettable pictures of all are those of the early morning time on a summer day, just when the mists are clearing from the mountain-tops. By making an early start the climber will soon be above the sea of clouds, and watch from the peak the indescribably wonderful cloud-effects for which Ben Lomond is famous. Then, when the swirling vapours disappear, calm and purple Wakatipu is revealed nearly 5,000 ft. below; to the south-east the precipices of the Remarkables; all round a sea of broken mountains, stretching away in the north to the snowy spire of Mount Aspiring (9,975 ft.), forty miles distant. Nearer at hand, peeping over the wondrously jagged peaks of the Richardson Mountains, is the icy summit of Mount Earnslaw; and all between is filled in with a vastly confused array of sierras—one of the most amazing panoramas in our Lakeland district, and, indeed, in the world. This view, looking directly northward from Ben Lomond top, has been compared by travellers to some of the wildest landscapes in the Western Sierras of North America.

Visitors' books will be found "cached" in the shelter of the rocks on the mountain-top.

4. The Remarkables.

The ascent of the Remarkable Mountains involves some stiff rock-work, particularly near the Double Cone (7,688 ft.), the culminating point of the range. It can be done in a long day from Queenstown.

A party of visitors who ascended the Remarkables in February, 1905, crossed the Kawarau River at 5 a.m., and started up the face above the hydraulic dam. The creek which rises in Lake Alta was followed to its source, a beautiful clear-blue mountain tarn surrounded by snow. Thence a route was taken along the backbone of the range leading to the Cone. The deep snow-*couloir* which splits the Single Cone was then climbed—a very difficult task—and on reaching the top some sharp rocks had to be traversed, with a tremendous precipice below dropping to the waters of Wakatipu. The summit was reached

at 1.30 p.m., and after taking photos of the magnificent views spread out on every hand, the return was commenced. The *couloir* was navigated with the aid of a rope, and the Kawarau River was reached again at 7 p.m.

The panoramas from the summit include not only the whole length of Wakatipu snaking around the mountain-feet, but also Lakes Wanaka and Hawea, and other sheets of water, and a countless host of grand, snowy mountains. The range of vision extends as far as Mount Cook, whose white peak can be seen in the north-east. The Alpine flora on the Remarkables is very beautiful, particularly the ranunculi and the mountain-daisies, which grow in great beds along the Kawarau-Lake Alta portion of the route.

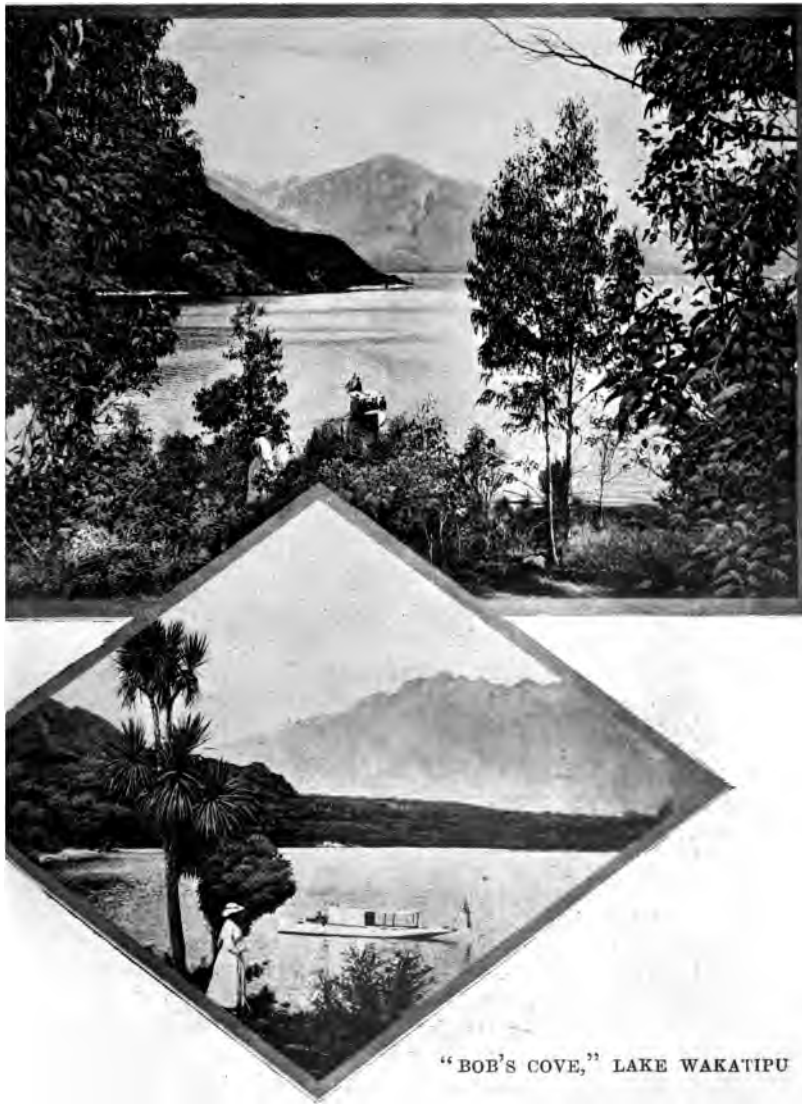
TO THE HEAD OF LAKE WAKATIPU.

(Queenstown to Glenorchy, about 29 miles. Time, 3 hours by steamer.)

By far the grandest scenery of this district lies around the head of Wakatipu. The cruise up the winding lake to Glenorchy is a succession of magnificent panoramas. The enjoyment of the trip very largely

HEAD OF LAKE WAKATIPU.

›ends upon the weather. Given one of those perfect days of late ımmer, or even of midwinter, when every detail of woodland, peak, ł glacier is reproduced in the mirror of the lake, the voyage from eenstown to the Head of the Lake is one ever to be remembered



"BOB'S COVE," LAKE WAKATIPU

THE SNOWS OF MOUNT EARNSLAW, HEAD OF LAKE WAKATIPU.

with pleasure. On such a morning Wakatipu is a sea of blue a silver, brimming to the feet of the mountain-walls, its surface perh flecked by a single pearly sail, furnishing just that suggestion of hun life that the eye of the artist requires.

Leaving Queenstown wharf, the Remarkables are seen high on left, their sharp-angled precipices seamed with a thousand dark ravir or jewelled with patches of snow. On the opposite shore, east to w rise the rock castles of Cecil Peak and the summits of Mou Walter, Afton, and Nicholas, ranging from 5,000 ft. up to nea 7,000 ft. in height. The gently breathing lake is streaked here a there with strange currents, like rivers of blue oil; and now and tl little "williewaughs" blow out of the deep gulches and ravines a momentarily blur the shadow-pictures in the water. As we h up the lake the lofty mountains on the left present some lov effects of colour. The deeper corries and glens are veiled in pur mists; waterfalls leap from the hazy heights, flashing in the sunli and cascading down through the woods; clouds float over the cr heads and the steep slopes are in alternate shadow and high light.

Soon White's Point is rounded, and the steamer, with a thous feet of water beneath her keel, sweeps round into the grand North

Arm, sixteen miles in length. Now quickly unfolds the most magnificent portion of the lake. The horizon is everywhere a mass of mountains, in places white with snow, and sinking almost sheer to the steely-blue waters. Far ahead, the eye catches the dazzling glint of glaciers, and as we speed on the icy peak of Mount Earnslaw, the King of Wakatipu, breaks on the view. On the immediate left the lakeward bluffs rise steeply to the broken summits of the Thomson Mountains stretching along the sky-line parallel with the western shore, and separating the valleys of the Von River (through which a track leads to the Mavora Lakes and Te Anau) on the south and the Greenstone on the north. Three low, green islands break the lake-floor immediately ahead, lying about six miles from the head of the lake. Mount Earnslaw rises to a height of 9,200 ft. in the right-hand distance, its great glacier, set in a colossal horse-shoe of rock, sparkling in a myriad points of light. To the left of Mount Alfred—which divides the valleys of the Dart and Rees Rivers—is bold and rugged Cosmos (7,340 ft.). Nearer, on the left is the Humboldt Range; the chief peak, Mount Bonpland (8,100 ft.), rises sheer from the lake-side above the village of Kinloch. Following round to the immediate left we see the valley of the Greenstone, and the well-named Tooth Peaks (5,794 ft.). On the right, parallel with our course, run the Richardson Mountains, culminating in Stone Peak (7,222 ft.). Soon we skirt the small islands, the largest of which is Pigeon Island, covered with a growth of koromiko and other shrubs. The Maori name of this islet is Wawahi-waka ("Splitting Canoes"), so named from the fact that the people of the ancient Ngatimamoe and other tribes of the stone age resorted here to fell and split trees for the purpose of making canoes. Totara-pines of large size formerly grew on the islets, before they were overrun by fire. Greenstone implements and ornaments of the neolithic era have been found on Wawahi-waka. The three islands cover an area of a little over a square mile, and rise from a depth of about 400 ft.

After a short stay at Kinloch, which was a charming spot before the beautiful beech forest was burned, the steamer resumes its voyage and a short run across the lake-head brings us to the Glenorchy wharf.

GLENORCHY.

Hotels: Birley's, 10s. per day, £2 2s. per week; Wilson's, 8s. per day, £1 15s. per week. Horses, 7s. 6d. to 10s. per day. Guides, 10s to £1 per day. Boat and man, 15s. per day. Buggies, £1 5s. to £2 per day.

The village of Glenorchy is situated on a grassy flat at the foot of the Richardson Mountains, and in full view of the Humboldts, Mount Earnslaw, and the Dart Valley.

It is the starting-point for Earnslaw, Dart Valley, Stone Peak, the Rees Valley, Diamond Lake and Paradise Flat, Sylvan Lake, Rere Lake, the Routeburn, Lake Harris, and Martin's Bay. The neighbourhood abounds in scenery of the most varied description. It was from here that the celebrated Alpine climber, the Rev. W. S. Green, with his two Swiss guides, Boss and Kaufmann, accompanied by Dr. Scott and Mr. Hodgkins, started for the ascent of the eastern arête of Mount Earnslaw in 1882.

EXCURSIONS FROM GLENORCHY.

1. Paradise and Diamond Lake.

(Distance, 12 miles. Time, 1 day. Guide, 15s.; horses, 7s. 6d. to 10s. each; buggies £1 5s. to £2).

There is a comfortable accommodation-house at Paradise, (8s. per day). Diamond Lake (Oturu) lies between Mount Alfred and the

ON THE ROAD TO PARADISE, HEAD OF LAKE WAKATIPU.

THE DART VALLEY, HEAD OF WAKATIPU.

western buttress of Earnslaw, touching Paradise Flat on the nor the latter bounded by the valley of the Dart, to which the exc sion should be extended. The road from Glenorchy follows t right bank of the Rees nearly to the Oxburn, and there crosses t river and trends towards the exit of the Earnslaw Creek, shortly af passing which beautiful Diamond Lake comes into view. Skirt the lake, through charming bush scenery, the track emerges on Parad Flat, where there are some thriving farms. The Maoris apprecia the attractions of Paradise; numerous evidences of their presence no distant period have been discovered here in the shape of st implements, spears, and eel-nets. A mile or so beyond Paradise th is a magnificent view of the Dart Valley. Mount Cosmos is nea opposite, and, crowning the Barrier Range, glacier succeeds glacier many miles. There are few finer views even in this favoured distr than that of the Dart Valley from Paradise, and, as in the case of t Rees Valley, a well-formed road permits of this interesting excursi being made either by vehicle or on foot.

Botanists desirous of securing specimens of the *Ranunculus lyal.* or mountain-lily, can obtain bulbs in unlimited quantities by climbi above the bush-line, on the spurs of Earnslaw. The climb throu the open forest presents no difficulties, and may be accomplished an hour.

2. The Bucklerburn. (A short walk.)

The Bucklerburn runs into the lake about half a mile below Birle Hotel. On reaching the stream everywhere will be seen the *dét* from old gold-mining operations. Two or three sluicing claims a still going, and the visitor may study the gold-getting methc adopted. Up the gorge the scenery is very pretty, graceful bee trees lending their charm to the defile.

3. Rere Lake.

(Distance, 8 miles to Elfin Bay, by boat; thence 2 miles on foot. Time, 1 d Boat and man, 15s.).

Rere Lake, hidden in a romantic glen near the Greenstone, is remarkably beautiful tarn of oval form, perhaps half a mile lor and on three sides surrounded by forest. It is considered the mc lovely of all the minor lakes. At the landing-place, Elfin Bay, the tra to Rere Lake will be seen on the left. Arrived at the top of the terra a pause should be made to look backwards and admire the splend view of Mount Earnslaw and the Richardson Mountains. Starti again, a point is soon reached where examination will disclose an c track entering the bush. If this be taken, it will be found to le

through an exquisite avenue of lofty silver-birch trees, their feet bedded in a garden of ferns. Passing out into the open, and noting the cliffs of Tooth Peaks on the left hand, down which a pretty cascade leaps to the valley, the pedestrian crosses a park-like belt of timber, and again another, leading into a little open glade. Re-entering the moss-carpeted forest, in a few minutes the exquisite little lake suddenly presents itself. Framed in lovely beech forest, Rere Lake forms a scene perfect in artistic arrangement—its placid surface, if the day be calm, broken only by some wandering family of black teal or handsome crested grebe. Beyond the open ground, at the far end, is the Greenstone Gorge, up which winds the horse-track to Martin's Bay; beyond the pyramidal Bold Peak (6,990 ft.), one of the Humboldt Mountains, completes the symmetry of the picture. To be seen in perfection Rere Lake should be visited on an absolutely calm day, when the water reproduces with wonderful fidelity the bush-clad spurs and mountains.

Excursions to Elfin Bay are made by Queenstown steamers, and give visitors opportunity to see Rere Lake and return to Queenstown the same day.

4. Stone Peak (7,222 ft.).

(Time, 1 day on foot. Guide, 15s.).

The view from the summit of this fine peak is superb, extending as far as Mount Tutoko (near Milford Sound), in the north-west, and to Mount Aspiring in the north.

A partial ascent may be made as far as the saddle to the right of Mount Judah, from which a fine view of the mountains about Lake Wanaka may be obtained. The ascent of either is easy of accomplishment to good walkers; an early start must be made so that the descent may be completed before dark. Lunch should be carried.

At the foot of Stone Peak, on the farther side, is Lake Luna, an exquisite mountain tarn (2,000 ft. above the lake), fringed with graceful beech forest, and well worth a visit if time permits. This lake may also be reached by bridle-track (sixteen miles) and foot (two miles); time, one day.

6. The Dart Valley.

(Ride or drive from Glenorchy, 12 miles. Time, 1 day.)

This is a pleasant picnic trip. Landing at Kinloch, walk up the Dart Valley, where the scenery becomes beautiful after the burned bush is passed. About six miles up a view of the glaciers behind Mount Aspiring is obtained. Good rabbit-shooting.

7. Rees Valley and Lennox Falls.

(Distance to Lennox Falls, 17 miles. Time, 1 day. Guide, 15s.; horses, 10s. per head in drag, 15s.; buggies, £1 5s. to £2).

The Rees Valley may be reached either from Glenorchy or Paradise. For the first twelve miles there is a vehicle-road skirting the Rees River, passing *en route* Temple Burn or Precipice Creek, which runs in a drift from 60 ft. to 100 ft. deep, and only a few feet wide, and the old Invincible Mine, from which rich gold-quartz was obtained a few years ago. From the end of the vehicle-road to Lennox Falls, about five miles, the journey must be made on horse or foot. Leaving the vehicle-road, the route passes through some fine forest, then the heart of the romantic Rees Valley is reached. On either side of the river stretches a narrow strip of level land covered with golden green tussock. The valley is walled in by mountains, the boldest heights being—on the right, Temple Peak (6,731 ft.), Mount Arum (7,315 ft.), and Star Peak (6,644 ft.); on the left is Mount Earnslaw (9,200 ft.), and in the distance, closing the view at the valley-head, are Centaur Peak (8,284 ft.), and Mount Anstead (8,157 ft.).

Marsh, photo.] IN THE REES VALLEY.

The Rees Valley, with its peaceful stream gliding over a golden hued plain, and its walls of precipitous mountain buttresses, clothed with magnificent forest to the snow-line, and topped by great overhanging glaciers, abounds in pictures of great charm and beauty. So steep and regular is the slope of Mount Earnslaw, that passing along the valley one may gaze upon faces of hundreds of feet of pure ice, forming the terminals of sparkling glaciers.

Of all the remarkable waterfalls in the Lakes district, none has a more beautiful setting than the Lennox. The waters, rushing from a height of about 900 ft. on the precipitous slopes of Mount

Earnslaw, descend in a series of cataracts, tumbling over great boulders, and finally leaping through the forest into a wide, deep, wooded gorge. The several leaps of the Falls range in height from 100 ft. to 300 ft. The falls are situated in the most attractive portion of the Valley, and should be visited by all those who have the good fortune to go Rees-wards. To miss them is to miss the gem of the Valley.

Marsh, photo.] THE LENNOX FALLS.

8. Ascent of Mount Bonpland (8,100 ft.).

(Boat to Kinloch and back; climb. Time, 1 day. Boat, 5s., or boat and man, 15s., to Kinloch and back).

The summit of Bonpland, which is seen right opposite Glenorchy, is about 7,000 ft. above the level of Lake Wakatipu, and the climb is rather a steep one, but as no ice need be encountered the ascent can be accomplished without difficulty by any one accustomed to mountaineering. As Bonpland is higher than any of the peaks to the south, east, and west, the outlook from the top is magnificent.

9. Ascent of Mount Earnslaw (9,200 ft.).

(Time, to the summit and back to Glenorchy, 2½ days. Guide, £5 for party of two; £7 10s. for party of four. Horses, £1 10s. each (three days). A partial ascent to the bush-level (3,500 ft.) can be arranged for: time, 1 day).

Many unsuccessful attempts had been made to scale Mount Earnslaw before the Glenorchy guide, Mr. Harry Birley, accompanied by Mr. Fred Muir, conquered the peak on the 16th March, 1890. Since then, numbers of climbers have topped its peak. The eighteen miles of the Rees Valley to the Lennox Falls, where the ascent begins, are traversed by vehicle twelve miles, and on horseback six miles. The climb through the forest to the Mountain Hut (about 3,500 ft.) can be accomplished in about an hour. Here the Alpinist camps for the night. Next morning the glacier is reached in about three hours, after an easy scramble up grassy slopes and ridges of mica-schist. From this point is spread out a magnificent panorama of the ranges at the sources of the Dart, the Rees, and the Shotover. Among the mountains visible are Mounts Anstey, Edwards, Tyndall, Aspiring, and Centaur Peak, all of them towering far up above the summer snow-line, and having an altitude exceeding 8,000 ft. The Alpine flora is of exceeding beauty. From here the ascent is of the usual Alpine character, but there is no danger to any one possessing a cool head, if piloted by a guide who is familiar with the climb.

From the summit the outlook is magnificent, extending as it does to the ocean on the north-west, and for over a hundred miles in other directions. Peaks piled upon peaks, icefields uncountable, and lakes large and small meet the eye in every direction.

The descent to the hut is easily accomplished the same evening and Glenorchy reached in time for dinner next day.

JTEBURN VALLEY AND LAKE HARRIS SADDLE.

from Glenorchy: Routeburn Hut, 17 miles (the hut accommodates ›men and six men); the Harris Saddle, 21 miles. Time: To Saddle ck, 2 days (the night is spent at the Hut); to the Hut, 1 day. Horses taken to within 1¼ miles of the Saddle. Expenses: To the hut, 17s. 6d. : person; reduction for a party. If the trip is extended to the Saddle. ıire only (10s. per day) is charged in addition to the hotel-charges, pro- being provided by the hotelkeeper.] Horses, 10s. each; guide and 15s. to £1 per day).

ɜ been frequently asserted by travellers that in all the range of s Alps there is no point of vantage where such a panorama is unfolded as that opened out before the spectator standing above the Lake Harris Saddle. If time possibly permits, no visitor to Wakatipu should return without having made this excursion. The expense divided amongst, say, a party of three or four is insignificant, and ladies can make the trip without undue fatigue.

›.]
,EY POOL, ROUTEBURN.

Horses are indispensable if a start is made across the Dart Valley, as the river has to be crossed; but the trip may be made on foot by taking boat from Glenorchy to Kinloch, and thence following the old track. Should it be decided to make the excursion on horseback, tourists who have not seen Paradise can arrange to travel by that route. Presuming that the trip is made *via* Paradise, and the Dart forded, the track soon enters the bush and skirts the Routeburn, which, however, is not seen until reaching the lower crossing. If the lower Dart Valley route be taken, the

VIEWS ON THE LAKE HARRIS ROUTE.

way lies under the Humboldt Mountains till the crossing is reached; splendid views of the upper Dart glaciers are obtained *en route.* After passing the Routeburn, the greater portion of the road is through thickly wooded country. Near the ford of the Routeburn the track suddenly emerges from the dense bush into a spot of sylvan loveliness. A pause should here be made to admire one of the wonders of the trip. Immediately across the river is a semicircular oasis of grass fringed by a shrubbery of tall veronicas and ribbonwood (bearing, in season, clusters of pure-white flowers in such profusion as to hide the foliage) over which spread the horizontal boughs of the beech forest. Above the bush there is the singular spectacle of a waterfall issuing from a gap in a lofty precipice, without any indication of its source, and, after falling in two leaps some 700 ft., disappearing as mysteriously as it came.

Shortly after leaving this spot, the path rises rapidly some hundreds of feet. Arrived at the top of the zigzag, the track lies chiefly through forest, whence it emerges on the pretty Upper Routeburn Flat. Recrossing the stream, a few moments suffice to reach the clearing in which stands the hut erected by Government for the use of travellers (1,500 ft. above Lake Wakatipu).

Those who propose to visit the Lake Harris Saddle will camp at the hut and make an early start next morning, being careful to take materials for a good lunch.

As the track ascends from the stream the outlooks through the sideling bush are very lovely. The beautiful Eveline Glacier is amongst the sights of interest. Leaving the bush, the track passes through a grassy valley besprinkled with the *Ranunculus lyallii.* This beautiful variety of the buttercup tribe has cup-like leaves of a circular form, sometimes 18 in. in diameter. Lake Harris is soon reached, and, ascending the slope on the left-hand, a made path is found which leads to the highest point (4,900 ft.), where the traveller may look almost perpendicularly down into the lonely mountain tarn, 400 ft. below, walled in on three sides by precipitous rocks devoid of vegetation.

A few minutes from this spot brings one to the Saddle, a sudden turn unfolding the grandest panorama conceivable. Immediately facing are Mount Christina (8,500 ft.) and many nameless giants; in every undulation a glacier. In the profound abyss, 4,600 ft. below, the silver thread of the Hollyford River may be distinguished winding its way through the misty forest. So near do the opposite mountains appear in the clear air that it seems as if one could almost throw across the chasm. But, grand as is the scene viewed from the saddle, the slight extra toil of going up to the trig. stations to the left or right will be well repaid.

Standing at one of these trigs. the range of vision is consi extended. Still the same magnificence in front, but to th may be seen Mount Aspiring (9,960 ft.), while away to the we the Pacific, its waves checked by the sands of Martin's Bay. F inland, first comes Lake McKerrow (or Kakapo), at the foot c is the settlement of Martin's Bay, where the Hollyford meets Six miles nearer, to the right, Lake Alabaster and Pyke's Ri possibly be distinguished. On the west, first from the sea majestic Tutoko (9,042 ft.) and its immense glacier. Pea peak, icefield after icefield meet the eye as it travels inland t Christina, behind which lies Milford Sound, distant but a s miles air-line. In one place is an extensive glacier breaking t line with transparent crest; in another, lower down, the Glacier exhibits one of the many curious forms assumed b ancient moulders of the world. Much of this apparently ina country has been explored by Mr. Wilmot, District Survey succeeded in reaching the back of Mount Christina, and looke into the Cleddau River at Milford, but, unfortunately, fo pass terminating in a sheer wall of rock some thousands of feet in which absolutely barred the anticipated triumph of finding ticable overland route to Milford from Lake Wakatipu. Tu the south, Lakes Gunn and Fergus are seen lying in the woode whence the Eglinton River flows into Lake Te Anau.

A little to the left of Lake Gunn is the Greenstone Saddle, o repose Lakes Howden and McKellar. (From here, in the begi 1905, two explorers succeeded in reaching "Glade House," head of Lake Te Anau).

HOLLYFORD VALLEY TO PYKE'S RIVER AND MARTIN'S BAY.

(Time, from 6 to 8 days. Cost of guide, horses, tents, food, &c., by special arrangement.)

Route No. 1.—Tourists who have not already seen the Lake Harris Saddle should go to the Hollyford *via* the Routeburn, on horseback as far as the Hut, and thence on foot by Lake Harris track (arranging beforehand to be met with horses at Middle Hut on the Hollyford), and return *via* the Greenstone.

Route No. 2.—Those who have done Lake Harris Saddle before will go and return *via* the Greenstone Track on foot or horseback. The horse-track is now open right through to Martin's Bay.

This camping-out excursion may be made either from Glenorchy or Paradise, Glenorchy being the more convenient starting-point if one is going and returning by the Greenstone route. The scenery of the Hollyford Valley is magnificent. The Greenstone Valley will be found interesting. Lakes McKellar and Howden are on the line of route. Having crossed either saddle and descended to the Hollyford, on the west coast side, the horse-track will be found to follow the river through the forest all the way to Lake McKerrow, Martin's Bay.

The Darran Mountains, ranging from 7,300 ft. to 9,200 ft. in height, flank the narrow valley on the west, their serrated peaks towering above the bush-line. Nineteen glaciers pass in review before the crossing at Pyke's River is reached. At Hidden Falls Creek, the beautiful fall which gives its name to the stream should be visited. It is only a short distance from the track. A screen of rock like the side wing of a theatre hides the fall from observation, but a loud roar readily tells of its whereabouts. Over an overhanging ledge of rock, probably 110 ft. in height, tumbles a body of water sufficient to make the ground vibrate. The width of the fall is 25 ft. to 30 ft.

Except for the sake of being able to say that one has crossed Otago from sea to sea, there is not much to be gained by continuing the journey to the ocean at Martin's Bay, twenty miles distant from Pyke's River. But Pyke's River should be reached without fail. Here the glorious scenery may be said to culminate in the splendid view of Tutoko and its superb glacier, best seen from an opening in the forest half a mile up the river from the crossing. The spectator is at an elevation of only 100 ft. above sea-level, and the magnificent peak, set off by the beautiful stream and the bush-clad cliffs in the foreground, stands out majestically, rising almost vertically above the valley. It is well worth while to camp for a night at this spot for the sake of

seeing the exquisite tints assumed by glacier, peak, and forest as sun sets in the west.

Lake Alabaster lies about twenty minutes' walk from the cros at Pyke's, up the river; and if time permits Lake Wilmot, far up the valley, may be visited, distant about six miles from the l of Lake Alabaster. To tourists fond of exploration this excu is strongly recommended. Not only is the scenery magnific but the geological formation (gneiss, hornblende, marble, &c interesting, as being entirely different from that of the Waka side, and indications have already been observed which point to existence of silver, platinum, nickel, and precious stones. Stud of mineralogy should not fail to camp for a day at Hidden Falls Cr before mentioned, which has its source near the mysterious Red I

The following are the approximate distances to Martin's Bay

Via Lake Harris.	Miles.
Glenorchy to Routeburn Crossing	12
Crossing to Hut	7
Hut to Saddle	2½
Saddle to Junction Camp	3
Junction to Hidden Falls	7
Hidden Falls to Pyke's	6
Pyke's to Lake McKerrow	5½
Head of lake to foot	11
Foot of lake to the sea (by boat)	4

Via Greenstone Returning.	
Head of Lake McKerrow to Pyke's Hut	5½
Pyke's Hut to Middle Hut	11
Middle Hut to Sunny Creek	10
Sunny Creek to Greenstone Hut	15
Greenstone Hut to Lake Wakatipu	18

To Martin's Bay via the Greenstone.	
Wakatipu to Greenstone Hut	12
Greenstone Hut to Sunny Creek	15
Sunny Creek to Middle Hut	10
Middle Hut to Pyke's Hut	11
Pyke's to Lake McKerrow Hut	5½
Head of McKerrow to foot of lake	11
Foot of lake to the sea	4

Lake Wanaka.

(Distance from Queenstown, 45 miles. Time, 1 day by coach to Pembroke. (Lunch at Cardrona.) Fares, single, £1 ; return, £1 15s.).

PEMBROKE. — Hotels: Russell's, 10s. per day; Sachtler's, 8s. per day. Horses, 7s. 6d. per day; guides, 10s. per day; buggies, 15s. to £1 10s. per day.

LEAVING Queenstown, the route taken to Pembroke Township, on Lake Wanaka, is past the Frankton Arm and Lake Hayes, through Arrowtown, and over the Crown Range. Lake Hayes, passed a few miles out, is a pretty sheet of clear blue water, three-quarters of a mile long, of considerable depth, and surrounded by fine farms, with crops of wheat and oats growing to the lake-edge. To the olden Maoris Lake Hayes was known as "Te Wai-Whakaata" ("The Mirror-Waters"). To the pakeha it is locally famous because of the phenomenal size of its trout; the fish have, however, become depleted in recent years. After crossing the Arrow River, the Crown Terrace, with its farms and rich cornfields, is traversed, and the Crown Range is crossed at an altitude of considerably more than 2,000 ft. above the level of Wakatipu. The Crown Terrace, although some 2,500 ft. above sea-level, is excellent agricultural country, and heavy crops of wheat and oats are raised here. Seen from the range-top these highland farm lands make remarkable pictures, the cultivations patching with rectangular plots of green and gold the more sombre colours of the mountain landscape. Descending from the breezy summit, the valley of the Cardrona, a once noted gold-digging place, is reached, and at twenty-seven miles is Cardrona Township (altitude, 1,700 ft.), where lunch is waiting at the hotel. The country after leaving the Crown Range

HARVESTING AT LAKE HAYES.

top is of a monotonous character. Occasionally one sees shepherds' and "hatters'" huts, built roughly of stone, blending in hue with the surrounding brown landscape, and reminding Scottish travellers of Highland crofters' huts; rabbiters' whares by the roadside; now and then a carrier's heavily laden covered waggon, drawn by a fine eight-horse team; rabbits scuttling from the roadside. Between Cardrona and Pembroke, if the day be fine and clear, the icy peak of Mount Aspiring—New Zealand's Matterhorn—as yet unconquered by alpine climbers, may be seen far away on the left. The small township of Pembroke is situated on the southern shores of Lake Wanaka. A steamer and a good decked oil-launch ply to the various points of interest around the lake, and regular trips are made to the head of Wanaka.

Wanaka is a lake of much beauty, of glacial origin, surrounded nearly everywhere by high or precipitous mountains, broken towards its head into outlines of great cragginess and wildness. A sail on its deep blue waters on a fine summer's day, past its ancient *roche moutonnees* islands, and its lofty headlands and pyramidal heights sweeping up in bold slants from the deep clear waters, opening up at every turn

fresh panoramas of mountain grandeur, is the pleasantest of excursions. The mountains immediately around Wanaka rise to altitudes of from 5,000 ft. to nearly 8,000 ft.; Mount Aspiring (twenty-five miles from Pembroke) is 9,975 ft. As the head of the lake is approached, the ranges increase in height and in picturesqueness of configuration.

The surface of Wanaka is 928 ft. above sea-level, and its depth is in places about 1,000 ft. It is thirty-five miles in length by about three miles in average width, and has a surface area of some 57,000 acres.

In ancient days there were several Maori pas and villages on the shores of Lakes Wanaka and Hawea, for these water-sheets were well known to the people of the Ngaitahu Tribe, and their predecessors, the Waitaha and Ngatimamoe. Kakapo, kiwi, weka, and other flightless birds then abounded on the lake-shores, and were caught in great numbers. Not far from Pembroke once stood the village Parakarehu, where the noted chief Potiki-tautahi was killed by his Ngaitahu enemies from the eastern coast some ten generations ago. On Manuka Island, a hilly island in the lake, the chief Hou had his village; hence the Maori name of the place, Te Mou-a-Hou ("Hou's Islet"). A number of localities around the lake are called after Kura-Matakitaki.

IN THE HARVEST FIELDS, NEAR LAKE HAYES, WAKATIPU.

an ancient chief of Ngatimamoe, who explored a route across to Wanaka from the West Coast. His name is memorised in the Matakitaki River (commonly mis-spelled Matukituki), flowing into the lake from the glaciers of Mount Aspiring; in Matakitaki, or Ruby Island; and the hill Kura-Matakitaki, now known as Mount Iron, at the back of Pembroke. On the flat at the head of the lake was the Paekai Village, where Potiki-tautahi fought a battle some two hundred and fifty years ago with an invading war-party from the coast, led by his nephew Te Weka. The invaders were victorious and took many prisoners. The ranges on the western side of the Makarore River, at the head of Wanaka, are called by the Maoris the Tautahi Mountains, in memory of the chief, one of whose present-day descendants is Henare te Maire, the rangatira of the Waihao settlement, near Morven, South Canterbury.

Excursions from Pembroke.

A very fine excursion is the drive from Pembroke up the Matakitaki Valley, on the western side of the southern arm, to the foot of Mount Aspiring. (Time, one day each way; horse, 10s. per day; guide, 10s. per day.) This noble peak—very little short of 10,000 ft.—is the highest mountain south of the Aorangi Alpine group, and is belted with glittering glaciers and snowfields. Its beautiful descriptive Maori name (never before recorded in print) is well worth preserving—"Titi-tea" (pronounced "Tee-tee-tay-ah"), the "Sharp Peak of Glistening White." It lifts its ice-capped head far above all neighbouring mountains, and its miles of glaciers are the birthplaces of a multitude of streams. Westward to the Tasman Sea there is a vast wilderness of wooded and snowy mountains and deep and trackless valleys, some of the roughest and wildest country in the world. The driving-route up the Matakitaki is very beautiful. There are exquisite glimpses of the lake; then the track enters a narrow defile, and the Motutapu, a tributary of the Matakitaki, is crossed. The long valley leading up to the foot of Aspiring is now opened up. At 15 miles is the Cattle Flats Station; the drive may be continued for another 10 miles to a clear spot, where the mountain is seen in all its icy glory.

To Wanaka East (three miles) is a walking-trip, occupying half a day. Splendid views are obtained of the western shore of the lake and the fine peaks of the Minarets, Mount Alta, and other conspicuous heights.

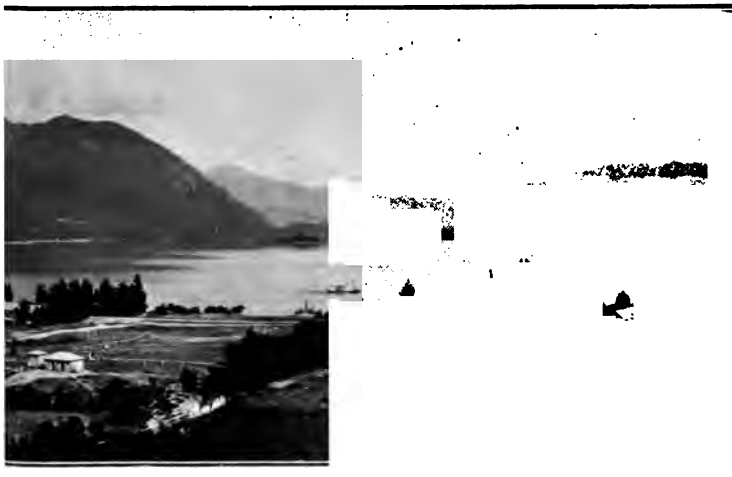
Glendhu Bay, ten miles from Pembroke, is reached by steamer, buggy, horse, or on foot. Glendhu is a pretty inlet, almost landlocked, with beautiful views of Mount Aspiring and other peaks.

Mount Iron and Mount Grandview, near Pembroke, can be ascended without difficulty, and command good views.

Head of Lake Wanaka.

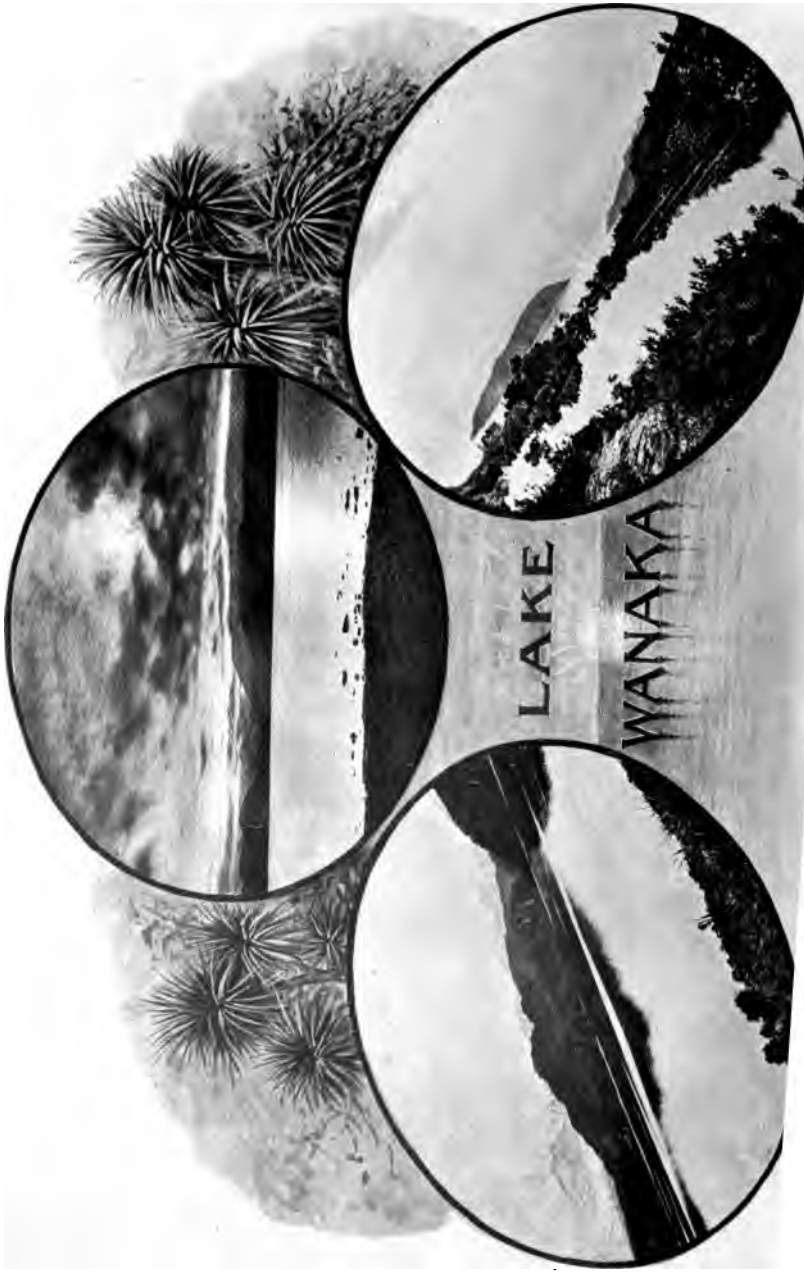
(Steamer fare: £1 return.)

ıe excursion by steamer or oil-launch to the Head of the Lake Iakarore (thirty-five miles) takes between three and four hours vourable weather. Leaving Pembroke Wharf and steering -west, Roy's Peak (5,203 ft.) is passed on the left, and various ; bays are opened out. Ruby Island or Matakitaki is seen, Crescent Island, called by the Maoris Motu-tapu, or "Holy The course is now altered to nearly due north. Higher ıtains lift on either hand, those on the left by far the loftier, ınating in the turreted snow-powdered crags of Mount Alta 8 ft.). At about fourteen miles from Pembroke Manuka or



PEMBROKE, LAKE WANAKA.

ɔn Island (Te Mou-a-Hou) is abeam—a hilly shrub-covered l about 100 acres in extent, and rising to 480 ft. above lake- This is a pleasant spot for a day's picnic. The island is rkable as containing a pretty lakelet, situated near its summit— e within a lake. From its brink there are beautiful views of deep- Wanaka and the snowy mountain-heights. The lakelet was called ıe Maoris Mou-timu, meaning the place of the "ebbing tide," ıse of the singular fact that the level of its water frequently fell 'ose again like the sea. Continuing the voyage up the lake the lofty ıits of the Triple Peaks (5,438 ft.), Twin Peaks (5,687 ft.), and ret Peaks (7,189 ft.) are successively passed on the left; on the are bare bold mountains of from 4,000 ft. to 5,000 ft. dropping


LAKE
WANAKA

suddenly to a low saddle at the Isthmus, where a narrow neck of land separates Wanaka from Lake Hawea. On this isthmus once stood the Maori village Manu-haea, celebrated among the olden Ngatimamoe as an eeling and birding camp. The mountains quickly lift again on the right into Sentinel Peak, close on 6,000 ft. in height, and mountain streams course down on either side. The lake narrows and becomes fiord-like in character as the head is neared, and the ranges increase in ruggedness of contour and steepness of slope; Mount Albert (7,063 ft.) and Turret Peaks (5,745 ft.) on the left and the McKerrow Range (7,422 ft.) on the right. At the steamer-landing is an accommodation-house (Mrs. Moffatt's); five miles further on, on Makarore Flat (the olden Pae-Kai, "Place of Abundant Food"), is another accommodation-house (Mrs. Pipson's).

THE HAAST PASS.

The Haast Pass (seventeen miles from the steamer-landing and twelve miles from Makarore) is a sub-alpine saddle (altitude 1,847 ft.) giving access to the West Coast of the Island. It is the lowest and easiest pass in the whole of the Southern Alps, and will become in time a favourite tourist route between the east and west coasts; but at present the trip should only be attempted by those well accustomed to horseback. A horse-track leads from the head of Lake Wanaka through the Pass and down to the coast, thence up through Westland to the Okarito–Hokitika coach-road. The mountain and forest scenery viewed on this route is exceedingly grand. The traveller may either return the same way from the West Coast, or may continue his journey northwards to Hokitika. Although much more conveniently reached from Hokitika, the Fox and Franz Josef Glaciers—the most beautiful ice-flows in the Alps—may be visited by this route. The distance from the Haast Pass to Cron's station at the mouth of the Haast River, West Coast, is 40 miles, to the Fox Glacier 118 miles, to the Franz Josef 135 miles, and to Hokitika 226 miles. Or the traveller, if a climber, may take the trans-alpine route from the Karangarua Valley (south of the Fox) across the Copland (Fitzgerald's) Pass, 6,863 ft., to the Mount Cook "Hermitage." There are accommodation-houses throughout, though the country is sparsely settled; guides and horses are obtainable at most places. It is possible also to travel from the Haast southwards along the West Coast to Martin's Bay, and thence up the Hollyford Valley and down the Routeburn to

the head of Lake Wakatipu, but this route is very rough and cann at present be recommended to the tourist; the greater portion of th route is only a foot-track.

From Makarore to the Haast Mouth, on the West Coast, is tw days' journey on horseback. Horse-hire is 7s. 6d. per day guide's fee, 10s. per day (guide's expenses at the Coast ar extra). The track, though rough and broken in places and havin an element of risk, is far from dangerous. The best time for travel ling is about March, when the weather is settled. If the journey b undertaken in midsummer, it is advisable to take extra supplies i case of the rivers rising and delaying the journey.

The Haast Pass was well known to the olden Maoris, who used i as a track of communication between the Otago Plains and the Wes Coast. About the year 1836, a northern warrior-chief named Te Puoho one of the great Rauparaha's lieutenants, anxious to distinguish him self against his enemies the Ngaitahu, led a war-party of Ngatiaw and Ngatitama tribesmen from Massacre Bay down the West Coas and across the Haast Pass with the intention of taking the souther Natives by surprise. At the head of Lake Wanaka they built larg *mokihi* (rafts of raupo and of the korari, the dry buoyant flower-stem of the *phormium tenax*) and paddled and sailed down the lake. Thenc they travelled down the Matau (Clutha), and the valley of the Mataura south of Lake Wakatipu. After leaving their rafts they could marc but slowly because of the terribly rough nature of the country, an were at times in great straits for food. In a starving condition the emerged on the plains of the Wai-o-whakaea (which the pakeha call the "Wakaia"), a wild and foodless country, covered with a thic growth of korokio shrubbery.

At last they reached and surprised the Ngaitahu village of Tutura which stood on the banks of the Mataura, about three miles from th present town Mataura, and not far from the falls, which were cel brated amongst the Maoris for the fat piharau, or lampreys, th abounded there. The unsuspecting inhabitants of the settlement we easily overpowered, and many of them slaughtered, and Puoho the strengthened the defences of the *kaika* in expectation of an atta from the coast Ngaitahu. The news of the raid had been convey to the southern chief Tuhawaiiki, whose stronghold was on Ruapu Island. He hastily assembled his warriors, and crossed to the mou of the Mataura, ascended the river, and at dawn one morning su rounded Tuturau Pa and took it by storm. Puoho was shot by t chief Topi Patuki (who died at Ruapuke in 1900), and his head w cut off and taken to Ruapuke, where also most of the invadi northerners were taken as prisoners of war.

The Haast Pass was so named after Sir Julius Von Haast, t celebrated geologist and Alpine explorer and author of "The Geolo

of Canterbury and Westland." Von Haast was the first white man to explore and cross the Pass. His expedition was undertaken early in 1863, and the journey from the head of Wanaka to the mouth of the Haast River on the West Coast occupied his party thirty days.

A much more recent exploring expedition, undertaken for the purpose of guaging the value of the Haast Pass as a tourist and scenic route, was that undertaken early in 1906 by Mr. T. E. Donne (Superintendent of the Government Tourist Department), accompanied by Messrs. J. Cowan (journalist) and J. McDonald (artist). This party's horseback journey from the foot of the Franz Josef Glacier to Lake Wanaka occupied a week.

Though the most remarkable scenic section of the Wanaka–West Coast route lies on the western side of the Haast Pass, the portion between Makarore and the Pass-top opens up some very grand mountain scapes. The outlying sheep-runs are soon left behind; several mountain streams are crossed, and the ice-born Makarore is forded after about two hours' ride from the lake-head. High on the left hand across the Makarore rise the broken summits of the Herewaka Ranges—Castle Hill, Mount Bowen, Mount Stewart, and other peaks —and gorges open out on either side, notably the wild precipitous defile of the Blue River (Te Kopi—"The Cañon"), through which a madly rushing mountain torrent descends to the Makarore. The peaks assume bolder forms, and the alpine snowfields and glaciers now open to the view as the Pass is approached. The actual top of the Pass (the boundary-line of the Westland and Canterbury Provincial Districts) is in a deep and solemn beech forest. Then the little streams begin to run the other way, and the track descends to the northern head-waters of the Haast, issuing from a magnificent glacier high on the shoulders of Mount Brewster (8,265 ft.), immediately above the valley on the right front. This fine ice-peak was called by the Maoris Hau-mai-tiketike ("The Wind Blowing from the Heights") in allusion to the cold breeze from the glacier which saluted travellers on mounting the Pass-top. The Pass itself was called Tiori-patea by the old Maori explorers, from the fact that when the summit was reached the leading pathfinder called out (tiori) that the way ahead to the valley was clear (patea). The snow-fed Haast River, running in several streams, is crossed and recrossed frequently, and at intervals pretty park-like glades are passed through on the river-flats, dotted with clumps of small birch-trees. From this on the track is a succession of bush tracks and river-crossings. The Haast, increasing in size, becomes a river of some volume running swiftly through grand gorges, with the densely timbered mountains rising for thousands of feet on either side. In some places the narrow path is cut out of the cliffside high above the torrential river; huge beech and rimu trees overhang the path, and the roadside is one great garden

of ferns. At eight miles from the Pass the Haast, running rapidl through a defile, is forded; a mile further on the Wills River, boilin down through a very narrow and deep cañon, is crossed by a bridg unique because of its situation—the only bridge on the road betwee Lake Wanaka and the vicinity of the Franz Josef Glacier, 150 mile At twenty-five miles from Makarore (thirteen from the Pass) is th Burke hut, a small iron structure erected by the Survey Departmen A night will be spent either at this hut or at the Clarke hut seve miles lower down the river. Near here the main stream of the Haa is forded two or three times. The track henceforth keeps to the le (southern) bank of the Haast. On the right before the lower hu is reached will be seen the tremendously bold gorge of the Clark and Landsborough Rivers: these wild rivers drain some of the mo savagely beautiful country in our alpine regions. The scenery fro here all the way to the flats at the mouth of the Haast (Maori nam Awa-rua, or "Two Streams") is of an exceedingly grand characte presenting at every turn fresh and wonderful pictures of mounta gloom and mountain glory. Waterfalls of great height pour down t thickly wooded mountain-sides, notably the immense cataract know as "Roaring Billy," thundering down through the green forest betwe Mounts Swindle (5,194 ft.) and Cuttance (4,701 ft.) on the right si of the Haast. On either side are steep mountains clad to the to most rocks in densest foliage, in places cloven by deep and narro gorges, veritable earth-cracks, most remarkable of which is the cañ known as "The Gap," on the left, some eight miles below the Clar hut—a tremendous gulch walled by mountains 3,000 ft. to 4,000 in perpendicular height. The route emerges from the gorge of the Haa some eight miles from the ocean-beach. The only accommodati at the Haast Mouth is at Cron Bros.' cattle-station; six miles sou is the Okura settlement, with two houses of accommodation. T horseman bound Hokitika-wards fords the Haast at the mouth a reaches the coach-road at Waiho—properly Waiau—(Franz Jos Glacier) in about three days.

Lake Hawea.

LAKE Hawea is about nine miles from Wanaka. There is a good road from Pembroke, and an accommodation-house at Hawea Flat.

The lake is twenty-two miles long by five miles wide. Its surface is 134 ft. above that of Wanaka, and its depth is said to be over 1,000 ft. in places. The southern parts of the lake-shore are bare of forest; the upper parts are thickly timbered, often to the water's edge. This forest country, picturesquely broken, and diversified with open dells, is the haunt of the red deer. Southwards of the lake the road from Pembroke traverses the fine agricultural district of the Hawea Flats, where heavy crops of wheat are grown.

The outlet of the lake, the deep and clear Tauru River, flows through this plain and joins the Clutha River a few miles from Pembroke. At the place where the Tauru River leaves the lake once stood the Maori palisaded village Kotane, occupied by the Ngatimamoe Tribe. There is a beautiful view of the lake from this place; high purple peaks rise on either side of the deep blue lake, and the distance is filled in with a series of mountains culminating in the alpine snows. Just across the lake on the south-eastern side is Breast Hill, or Turihuka (5,146 ft.); on the lakeside at the base of this mountain is Te Taumanu-o-Taki ("Taki's Fishing-place"), the site of an old-time Maori settlement. Close by is the mouth of the Timaru (properly Tumaru) Creek, the usual headquarters of deer-stalkers in this district.

At present the Hawea district is best known to deer-stalkers, who in April and May find their way here from all parts of the world.

Sportsmen can obtain every information from Mr. David Russell, Secretary of the Otago Acclimatisation Society, Dunedin; from Mr. Dugald Bell (who will arrange to take stalkers to the head of Hawea) at Timaru Station, Hawea; or at Hawea Township. If Pembroke be made headquarters, a four-hours' drive enables deer-stalkers to reach Timaru Creek, in the heart of the red-deer country, which extends from the Hunter Valley to the McKerrow Ranges, an area about seventy miles in length, by twenty to thirty miles in width, over the whole of which large herds roam.

Lake Hawea is full of trout famous for their size, but they are difficult to take except with live bait. The branch of the Clutha River flowing out of Hawea and the rivers running into it are, however, well stocked with fish of a size which appears almost fabulous to the Old-World anglers; good sport can be had with either fly or minnow. These remarks *re* trout-fishing are applicable to all the lakes; the fish in them are rarely caught by rod and line, whilst no difficulty is found in making a basket in the neighbouring streams.

Wanaka to Mount Cook.

In summer, if so disposed, the tourist, instead of returning to Dunedin or Invercargill, can take the coach from Pembroke to Mount Cook Hermitage *via* the Lindis Pass and Lake Pukaki. The journey occupies three days. A night is spent *en route* at Lindis Pass Hotel and another night at the Government Hotel at the foot of Lake Pukaki.

The Mavora Lakes.

HE road now in course of formation between the Von River, Lake Wakatipu, to the Key of the Lakes on the Lumsden–Te Anau route, will pass the North and South Mavora Lakes, two of the loveliest mountain akes in the province, lying between the Thompson and Livingstone Mountains. For many years there has been a good track connecting these points, and horsemen or even pedestrians can easily do the twenty-five miles between Wakatipu and Upper Mavora in a summer's day.

When the excursion can be made by buggy it will undoubtedly become a popular deviation with travellers, as it will not only enable them to see the two Mavoras, but to visit Wakatipu, Manapouri, and Te Anau without twice traversing the somewhat uninteresting road between Lumsden and the "Key."

Mavoras are embowered in beautiful beech forest, and backed nountain-summits, of which the highest are Mount Campbell), Mount Richmond (5,491 ft.), Mount Eldon (5,470 ft.), and avora at the head of the North Lake (6,590 ft.).

North Mavora Lake (Manawa-poré), the larger of the two, ies above sea-level. It is about six miles in length and very The smaller one (Hiku-raki) is a mile in length. Both lakes ied by the Mararoa River, which flows into the Wa au River,

the outlet of Te Anau and Manapouri. The track follows the vall of the Mararoa to the Lumsden–Lakes coach-road.

DISTANCES, WAKATIPU TO TE ANAU *via* THE MAVORAS.

	Miles.
Von River, Lake Wakatipu, to Mount Nicholas Station (bridle-track)	6
Mount Nicholas to McKellar's Hut	12
McKellar's Hut to Mavora Lake	7
Mavora Lake to the " Key " Hotel, Mararoa, on Te Anau coach-road	23
The " Key " to Te Anau	20
	68

Lakes Manapouri and Te Anau

..... and the .....

Fiordland National Park.

ROUTES: (1.) From Dunedin by rail 137 miles to Lumsden, thence coach 52 miles, to Manapouri or Te Anau. From Invercargill by rail 50 miles to Lumsden, thence coach to Manapouri or Te Anau. Two days.

(2.) Alternative route from Invercargill: Rail to Otautau 31 miles; thence coach up Waiau Valley 69 miles to Manapouri. Two days.

Te Anau or Manapouri can be reached by visitors to Wakatipu without returning to Dunedin or Invercargill, by taking rail from Kingston to Lumsden and there boarding the coach.

There is telephone communication with Te Anau and Manapouri.

LUMSDEN TO THE LAKES.

OF the routes to the great scenic lakes of the west, the Fiordland National Park, and thence to Milford Sound overland, the most convenient is that *via* Lumsden, whence coaches run regularly to Manapouri and Te Anau. These lakes are equidistant from Lumsden; coach passengers for the former change at Hillside Junction, sixteen miles from Manapouri.

Leaving the train at Lumsden and boarding Crosbie's mail-coach, the traveller drives at good pace over uninteresting country for many miles, stopping for lunch at the small township of Mossburn (12 miles,) and then following up the valley of the Oreti River. The fantastically notched range of the Takitimu Mountains, between 5,000 ft. and 6,000 ft. in height, will now be seen high on the left, while on the right rises the West Dome Moun-

tain. The coach-road curves round the bold northern face of the Takitimu group of peaks, their saw-edge summits sharply carved in blue against the sky.

The Takitimu Range is famous in Native mythology. It is the Ararat of the Maoris who colonised the Murihiku country—the "Tail of the Land." Their ark was the Takitimu canoe, which crossed the Great Ocean of Kiwa from the Pacific Islands about 1350 A D., and coasting down from the East Cape (North Island), ended its voyage on the shores of Southland. The Takitimu is said to have been hauled ashore here, but the whole mountain is also figuratively spoken of as the petrified canoe, in proof whereof the general outline of the range,

THE CATHEDRAL PEAKS, LAKE MANAPOURI.

with its abruptly sloping terminals, like the bow and stern of a capsized canoe, is pointed to by the Maoris as resembling the Waitaha's pilgrim ship. In this legend the scientist may possibly see a symbolic reference to an era—perhaps not very remote in geological time—when the ocean flowed over what are now the plains of Murihiku.

Like many another classic mountain, Takitimu has its tales of the fairy people. It is haunted by the spirit of one Kai-heraki, a *wahine tawhiti*, in appearance very beautiful, with fair skin and hair which betokened her a fairy. A man from one of the ancient villages on the Manapouri Lake shore ascended the mountain one day in order to

catch weka, which were abundant on its wooded slopes. Suddenly he saw a tall, handsome woman gazing at him fearfully through the bushes. He pursued and seized her, exclaiming "E-e! Taku wahine ataahua!" ("My beautiful wife!") Perceiving that she was a fairy woman, he prepared to perform a certain ceremony known as *tawhakamoe*, in order to remove the *tapu* or spell of enchantment from her before he could make her his wife. Producing his *kauati* or fire-stick, which he carried when on hunting expeditions for the purpose of obtaining fire by friction, he directed the woman to place her foot on it to steady it while he rubbed away at it with a pointed piece of wood in order to kindle the sacred fire necessary to the rite. The tinder in the groove of the *kauati* presently smouldered and then burst into flame. A spark happened to alight on Kai-heraki's foot, which began to spurt blood—fairies being strangers to fire. The woman, terrified at the unusual sight of the burning wood, fled into the bush. The weka-hunter pursued her, and bringing his "bird" back resumed his fire-making. The fairy lady made another dash for freedom and succeeded in escaping into the thick woods and eluding her disappointed lover. The Maoris aver that the spectral form of the *wahine tawhiti* is still sometimes to be seen—with the eye of faith—on dim and cloudy days, striding along the sides of the misty Takitimus.

At about 32 miles is the "Key of the Lakes" (accommodation-house, 8s. per day), a convenient stopping-place for anglers and sportsmen. The Whitestone Creek (Otumatua), an excellent trout-stream, is fished from either here or Te Anau; and every river passed contains trout. The Mararoa River is forded near the "Key," and a little farther along is the turn-off to Manapouri. The snowy mountains which bound Fiordland on the east are now well in view. After crossing the Mararoa the coach-road traverses a desolate patch of flat land, dreary and sandy and bare of grass, but sprinkled with stunted bog-pine. This is locally known as the "Wilderness." It was here that a specimen of the rare wingless bird, the takahea (*Notornis mantelli*), was caught some years ago by a shepherd's dog; the bird is now in the Dresden Museum. At Te Anau the traveller finds comfortable accommodation in a good hotel (10s. per day).

From Te Anau Hotel to LAKE MANAPOURI is a drive of twelve miles. At one point—Horseshoe Bend—the road skirts the edge of a fine bluff overlooking the Waiau River where that beautiful stream, bearing swiftly southwards to Manapouri the outflow of Te Anau, rolls in a majestic sweep round the feet of woody cliffs 100 ft. high. The Waiau is navigable for shallow-draught craft, and adventurous canoeists have paddled from Te Anau right down to the sea. Those who have only the day to spare for Manapouri before going on overland to Milford may, by driving over from Te Anau fairly early in the morning, enjoy a cruise round the lake, and return to Te Anau the same night.

INVERCARGILL · TO · MANAPOURI, · *VIA* OTAUTAU AND WAIAU VALLEY.

This route consists of a short rail journey (thirty-one miles) to Otautau—a township of about five hundred inhabitants, with several hotels—and a day's coach-ride over a somewhat uneven road (sixty-nine miles) to Manapouri. The coach-drive can be shortened a few miles by arranging for the steam-launch at Manapouri to come down the Waiau River to near its junction with the Mararoa, and embark passengers there for the hotel (six miles). The first section of the coach-run is through a very fertile countryside, twenty miles to Clifden (Durie's accommodation-house), on the banks of the Waiau River, an excellent place for anglers. The Waiau (here thirteen miles from the sea), draining the waters of Lakes Te Anau and Manapouri, is a splendid stream, broad, deep, and clear, bordered in places by bold limestone bluffs adorned with bush and ferns. Near the Waiau the coach-road passes some limestone caves. These caverns run underground for considerable distances; by one—formerly the bed of a subterranean stream, but now dry—the traveller may penetrate a hill, entering at the foot just to the right of the coach-road and emerging high on the slopes above. The caves do not possess any special beauty.

At Clifden, if time permits during the stay for luncheon, the remarkable wooded limestone "kopje" on Mr. Tapper's property, just across the river, may be visited. The Waiau is crossed by a suspension bridge, 366 ft. in length; after obtaining permission to inspect, the green hill to the right is ascended. A fantastic mass of gleaming limestone, clothed with a luxuriant tangle of native shrubbery, outcrops on the hilltop. The whole place is a labyrinth of caves and galleries and secret ways, and the thickly matted woodland heightens its romantic mystery. On one side the limestone face is a series of shallow caves, used as shelters and dwellings by the ancient Maoris. A cave here was known as "Te Ana-o-te-Ngarara"—"The Den of the Monster"; it was the fabled dwelling-place of one of those man-eating reptilian creatures with which the imaginative Maoris peopled many a gloomy cavern. The remains of incinerated human bones, together with stone weapons and implements, have been found here: the rock was a Maori necropolis. At this place the Ngatimamoe were decimated in battle by the Ngaitahu Tribe, about one hundred and fifty years ago.

WHERE THE WAIAU RIVER LEAVES LAKE MANAPOURI.

The Waiau River swarms with brown trout of great size, and is one of the finest fishing-waters in New Zealand. In the vicinity there is also unlimited sport for those who like rabbit-shooting.

From Clifden the sight-seer inured to life in the wilds may visit one or more of the group of minor lakes, MONOWAI, HAUROKO, POUTIRITIRI, lying west of the Waiau, in the direction of Preservation Inlet. These lakes are all beautiful, embosomed in wild mountains from 4,000 ft. to over 5,000 ft. in height, thickly wooded to the water's edge. At present they are very little visited, and as the scenery of Manapouri and Te Anau far surpasses that of all other sheets of water, there is no great inducement to make the somewhat rough trip to the lesser lakes.

MONOWAI (originally Manokiwai) may be reached in one day on horseback from Clifden or from Blackmount, on the road to Manapouri. In shape, the narrow lake almost exactly resembles an Australian blackfellow's boomerang. It is about twenty-four miles in length, one arm pointing north-west and the other slightly longer—north-east, with Mount Cleughearn (5,156 ft.), the southern terminal of the Hunter Mountains, filling the triangle between the two arms.

LAKE HAUROKO ("Sound of the Wind"), a short distance south-west of Monowai, is a long, narrow serpentine of very deep water, its surface 611 ft. above sea-level. It is about twenty-one miles in length, and has an outlet direct to the sea from its southern end, the Wairaurahiri River. Hauroko is reached by a ride of about sixteen miles from Clifden, up the valley of the Lillburn.

LAKE POUTIRITIRI (" Post on which offerings are hung ")—commonly spelle Poteriteri—is south-west of Hauroko, from which it is separated by the Princes Mountains (5,575 ft.). Like the other lakes, it is long and narrow; its souther end approaches within a few miles of the sea, with which it is connected by th Waitutu River. Poutiritiri is a day's walk from Hauroko through very roug forest country. Some years ago a " blazed " track was cut between Hauroko Poutiritiri, and Hakapoua—a small lake still further to the south-west. Th Hauroko-Poutiritiri country is practically still unknown, except to diggers, wh have found gold in payable quantities in the neighbourhood of the Princess Mour tains.

From Clifden to the Mararoa and Manapouri is a long afternoon drive. A number of streams are forded, and the course is closel parallel with that of the Waiau. About thirty-five miles from Clifde the coach passes Blackmount Sheep-station, occupied by Mr. Roderic McKenzie, whose pretty homestead alongside the road is an exceller example of the homes of the large up-country runholders.

THE " MANURERE " (TOURIST DEPARTMENT'S STEAM-LAUNCH), LAKE MANAPOURI.

Lake Manapouri;

— or, —

MOTU-RAU, THE "LAKE OF A HUNDRED ISLANDS."

(Accommodation-house (Murrell's) at Manapouri Township, 10s. per day, or £3 3s. per week.)

Government steam-launch "Manurere" on the Lake. Fares:—

To head of Lake and return same day North or South Arm	..	12s. 6d. return.
" Lake, including North or South Arm (ordinary day's trip)	.. ..	15s. "
" Lake, Hope Arm, and Calm Bay	..	10s. "
Down Waiau River to coach-road	.. ..	5s. "

MANAPOURI is the most enchantingly beautiful of all the New Zealand lakes. Those which most closely approach it in loveliness are its fiord-like neighbour Te Anau, and the historic mountain lake Waikaremoana, in the North Island. Manapouri's charms are as varied as its contour is complex. Its coast-line is indescribably broken and irregular, and its mazy shores, rising abruptly from its clear, deep waters for thousands of feet, are everywhere thickly forested. Its long arms, walled by snow-capped peaks, stretch far into the heart of the mountains; one, indeed, penetrates within a few miles of the West Coast fiords. It is the deepest lake in New Zealand. Its bottom, once the bed of a great winding glacier, sinks to nearly 900 ft. below the level of the ocean. Every element of scenic beauty seems to be concentrated here. When in the years that are to come great hotels rise on its shores, like those on the American lakes, and when luxurious pleasure-yachts ply

on its deep waters, it will be one of the great resorts of the world's travellers.

Well did the ancient race name this remarkable water-sheet Motu-rau, the "Lake of a Hundred Islands." Looking up the lake from any considerable elevation, or steaming towards its head, it will be seen to contain a multitude of islands, large and small, grouped in little archipelagoes of green, or scattered here and there wherever an islet seems required to complete the picture. *Rau*, although literally meaning "a hundred," is poetic Maori for "many" or "a multitude." The eastern shores and some of the islands were inhabited in the long ago by the Ngatimamoe tribespeople, and later by *hapus* of the Ngaitahu.

Manapouri (a combination of two words meaning "authority" and "sorrowful") is simply a modernised rendering of the name Manawa-poré (or Manawa-poporé), signifying the violent throbbing of the heart, as after great exertion or under intense emotion. Manawa-pore is stated by some of the Southland Maoris to be really the name of the North Mavora Lake, lying between Wakatipu and Te Anau, and to have been mistakenly transferred to the larger lake by the early Europeans. Various more or less fanciful interpretations of the corrupted name Manapouri, or Manawa-pouri, have appeared in print, and imaginative writers have connected it with the story of the much-chevied tribe Ngatimamoe. Manawa-pore was, however, originally the name of a person, a tribal ancestor of chiefly rank. Many of the names of lakes and mountains in the South Island, though bearing in some cases apparently locally descriptive significations, are really personal names. Motu-rau is one of the exceptions, and is so appropriate that it is well to revive it as supplementary to the now famous name of Manapouri.

The steaming-distance from foot to head of the lake (from the township of Manapouri to the head of the West Arm) is twenty-three miles. Manapouri covers an area of fifty-six square miles, inclusive of islands. Its outline is so tortuous that, to completely skirt its coast-line would involve a round voyage of about eighty-five miles. Its surface is 597 ft. above sea-level, and the mountains surrounding it rise to elevations of from 4,000 ft. to over 5,000 ft. Mr. Keith Lucas, of England, who spent a month in 1902 in triangulating the main body of the lake and taking soundings from the steam-launch "Titiroa," while engaged in his bathymetrical survey of the New Zealand lakes, found that the extreme depth of Manapouri was 1,458 ft., a short distance westward of Pomona Island, opposite the entrance to the South Arm, in about the middle of the lake.

The Government Tourist Department has recently placed a good steam-launch, capable of carrying over forty passengers, on the lake.

SOME MANAPOURI PICTURES.

The launch has been christened the "Manu-rere" ("Flying Bird"). Besides cruising round Manapouri, it is intended to run this pleasure-craft up the Waiau River into Te Anau.

Steering out from the point where the Waiau River, its clear waters alive with trout, takes its departure from the lake, the launch heads north-west, and in a few minutes the grand panorama of the middle portion of Manapouri, with its islands and its circumvallation of mountains, unfolds to the view. Rounding a long wooded peninsula, the Channel Islands heave in sight, apparently blocking our course right ahead; these islands extend north and south in little groups. Long before we reach them, however, the beautiful shore close on our left with its glistening beaches overhung by flowering trees claims our admiration. We steam within a few yards of the steeply sloping beach. Away southwards above the forested hills the peculiarly shaped white top of Mount Titiroa (5,643 ft.) "stands up and takes the morning," and westward of its long ridge are the Hunter Mountains, running due north and south and culminating in wild and broken peaks considerably over 5,000 ft. in height, belted with mists and crowned with snow. Far ahead to the westward are the vastly rugged ranges, splashed with snowfields and blazing with glaciers, that intervene between the lake and the West Coast fiords, and north and north-west the impregnable heights of the Kepler Mountains build up a noble serrated sky-line, with the precipitous Cathedral Peak (5,134 ft.) immediately commanding the northern side of the lake. Mountains are around us on every hand, wooded with a tropic plentitude of tree and fern up to the sharply defined snow-line. Shooting upwards from a rich and mossy soil, or clinging with prehensile roots to tremendous cliffs, "nursed by the rock's primeval drip," the beeches, birches, and pines rise in wondrously thick and leafy tiers, of every shade of verdure, their twisted branches hung with grey and golden mosses drooping like long beards, their trunks covered with a matted many-coloured growth of lichens and dainty little ferns.

Now we are among the islands. Veritably this is the Motu-rau of the ancient people. All around us they lie, some high and rocky, some tiny rounded or flat-topped dots of granite or sandstone, but all wooded so luxuriantly that they seem like tree-groves floating on the surface of the water. In flood-time, when the lake rises several feet above its usual level, some of the lower islets are submerged, while new ones are formed by the waters temporarily covering small isthmuses, but, curiously, the number generally remains the same, for the fresh isles so made and the little ones drowned balance each other. There are thirty-four islands in the lake, besides six smaller islets, which are really only rocks.

"THE LAKE OF A HUNDRED ISLANDS."

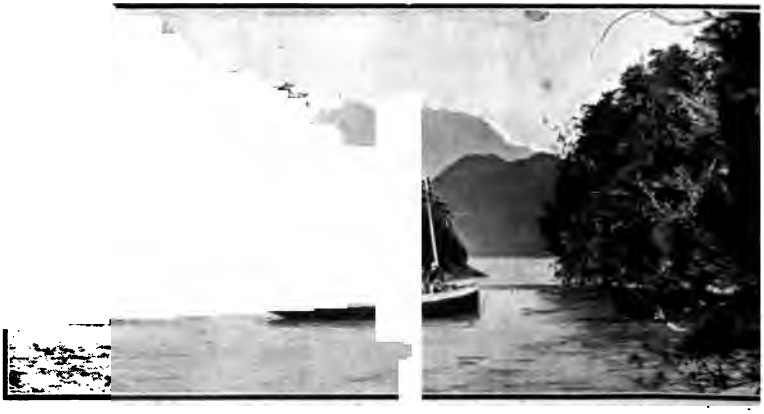
What a cruising-ground this was for the neolithic Maori! For the old-time savage had an eye for the beautiful, in spite of his primitive utilitarianism; and he could well humour the two here, his favourite hunting-grounds. Long ago his canoes and buoyant *mokihi* floated on these waters, paddled from bay-to bay and island to island; he set his cunningly noosed snares amongst trees for the pigeon and the kaka parrot, caught the kiwi, kakapo, weka, and takahea that abounded in the mossy old woods; and the glare of his torches lit up many a sandy cove and creek-mouth at night when he speared the swarming eels with his triple-pronged *matarau*.

Continuing up the lake on its southern side, and while still threading the Channel Islands, all mirrored like inverted tree-groves in the water, we pass on the left the entrance to the Hope Arm, near the head of which is seen the conspicuous height known as the Monument. In the forest at the head of Hope Arm there are wild cattle, which afford rather exciting sport for the rifleman who stalks them in their rugged fastnesses.

Safe Cove is next visited—a marvellously well-hidden baylet, just on the western side of the entrance to Hope Arm. This is one of the surprises of the cruise. It reminds one of those romantic West Indian lagoons and bayous in "Tom Cringle's Log," and "The Cruise of the Midge"; just such a snug retreat would it make for some Manapouri pirate. The steamer makes straight for a rocky beach overshadowed by green forest. You see no opening, and wonder if the skipper intends running his craft ashore. Suddenly, as you are close on the rocks, the steamer's head is slewed sharply to starboard; a little harbour reveals itself, and, entering by a narrow, deep channel not more than about 30 ft. in width, you bring up in a circular basin almost perfectly landlocked and secure from all the

winds that blow. Low hills, thickly bush-clad, surround the narro margin of sandy beach. The sun-warmed water invites one to delightful dip, and is so clear that the mosses and trailing weeds i the bottom of the cove are seen as plainly as through a sheet of glas Should the excursionist be making a one-day cruise round the lak this is a convenient luncheon spot. The woods around are livel with bird-notes—the chime of the silver-tongued tui, the tinkle of th bell-bird, the trill of the little riroriro, and the scream of the kaka.

Resuming the voyage westward the cliffy and timbered spurs c Cone Peak (4,875 ft.) are skirted, and passing Pomona Island on th right the deepest portion of the lake is entered, with nearly 250 fathon beneath our keel. The scenery quickly increases in grandeur. O the right the precipitous northern shores rest in deep-purple shado but the sun pours dazzlingly on the snowy Cathedral Peaks far abov



IN SAFE COVE, LAKE MANAPOURI.

On the left opens up the long South Arm, a beautiful calm sheet water, more than a thousand feet in depth, and banked by high turret peaks that slant at bold and sweeping angles to the silver fiord. Tl South Arm is six miles in length, extending into the arms of the Hunt Mountains; at its head is the Grebe River.

The lake now becomes narrow and fiord-like as we head its Western Arm. For the artist this is the most magnificent porti of Manapouri. Vast mountains, dark grey, soft green, or glorious blue, and whitened by the play of cataracts, tower on either side. T snowy Theodore Peaks are on the right, and ahead is Leaning Pe (4,858 ft.), an immense outcropping knob of naked rock, with som thing appalling in its silently menacing attitude—a fierce captain the rocks. In the distance a wild uplift of peaks, the Matterho

Range, fills in the view, with a glacier glittering on the central mountain's brow. Below this icy peak lies the track from the head of Manapouri to Deep Cove, at the head of Doubtful Sound—the nearest route between the Otago lakes and the West Coast fiords. On the southern side of the West Arm are two little lakes called Jack and Jill, hidden in the woods, and close by is Fairy Beach, into which a beautiful little brook flows, cascading through the ferns and over the mossy boulders. The lakelets are each reached by a short bush track. The North Arm is three miles in length. The Aweburn and Freeman Rivers flow into its head. On the western side of the Arm is a beautiful waterfall with a descent of several hundreds of feet.

THE "ISLES OF CALM," MANAPOURI.

One's most memorable impression of the lake cruise is that of the return trip, steering eastwards along the northern shore under the tremendous precipices of the Cathedral Peaks. In the great height of the mountain-cliffs, the countless waterfalls, the deeply cloven ravines and the exuberance of the vegetation this portion of Manapouri strongly resembles the West Coast Sounds. Steaming out of the warm sunlit expanse of the lake the launch passes into the cool shadow of the cliffs, which rise straight above for thousands of feet—vast walls of dripping rock, hung with a glorious garment of green. So awfully, so straightly do they tower above that they actually seem in places

to be leaning outwards. Wherever the shores slant less abruptly the forest-trees grow to a large size, and tall ratas and beeches and the rimu pine, with its mass of golden-tasseled branches, crowd to the water's edge. The gloomy and extraordinarily narrow ravines, like gigantic knife-cuts in the precipice, are some of the most remarkable sights of the cruise. You just get glimpses of them as you steam past—cliff-shadowed fissures, clean cleft from mountain-top to water side, a few yards wide and from one to two and three thousand feet in depth, purple with mists, and livened only by the murmur of the streams.

Passing through the narrow channel which separates Pomona Island from the northern precipices, the excursionist will be shown a beautiful sunny bay, sheltered by beeches, on the island-shore facing Cathedral Peaks. This is an excellent camping-ground. Another pleasant spot for the camper-out and the artist is in the vicinity, on Midwinter Island, a small islet, nearly flat and well wooded. Here as on Pomona, the camping-ground faces the midday sun. On the left, behind the tall headland of the Beehive, is Calm Bay, with Ronan Island guarding its entrance. Further away at the low eastern end of the Lake, is Shallow Bay, into which the Waiau runs from Te Anau. Near the shore of this bay, sheltered by a belt of scrub, is the "Maori Glade," with its little lagoon and a grassy oasis on which are still to be seen the earth ovens of the ancient eel-fishers and fowlers. Steering south-east from the Beehive, the steamer makes for the township wharf again, and so completes the circuit of the lake.

For the angler, there are splendid brown trout in the Waiau, but those in the lake do not readily take the fly or other lure. The Waiau just where it leaves the lake holds trout of great size, often 3 ft. in length. Three fish landed here aggregated 61 lb.—the largest a 25-pounder, the others 19 lb. and 17 lb. On another occasion five trout, weighing in all 83 lb., were caught—that is to say, speared, for the Manapouri poacher hunter is not always particular as to his methods, so long as he gets his fish. There is good sport eel-spearing by torchlight at Manapouri and Te Anau. The lakes and creeks swarm with eels, often of astonishing size, and with hook and line unlimited numbers may be caught. The wharf at Te Anau is a favourite spot for the eeler, armed with spear and gaff and a torch or lantern.

MANAPOURI TO DEEP COVE, DOUBTFUL ..... SOUND. .....

(Distance, 10¾ miles. On foot. Time, 1 day each way.)

At the head of the Lake there is a two-roomed hut erected for the convenience of tourists. One of the rooms is for the use of women. The track to Doubtful Sound, leaving the hut, first follows the right bank of the Spey River, crossing the Mica Burn about two miles from the hut. Many fine views of mountain and river scenery unfold themselves as the traveller follows the track. After following the course of the Spey for another mile and a half, the track turns off at right angles to the Spey, and then runs nearly due north, following the course of the Dashwood stream to its source. From the lake the ascent is very easy, a gradual rise of about 1,400 ft. in about seven miles. The view from the saddle is very fine. Three and a half miles away, below the pass, lies Deep Cove, with Smith and Doubtful Sounds stretching away seaward. The mouth of Hall's Arm can be seen two miles below the Cove. Leaving the saddle, there is a descent of 800 ft. to the first plateau, across which the track runs. Another drop of 760 ft. to another flat, a final descent of 540 ft., and the traveller finds himself at sea-level; a walk of half an hour on level ground through beautiful forest brings him to the hut built at the mouth of the Lyvia River. This hut is similar to that at the head of Lake Manapouri, and is in a sunny position, facing a grand waterfall with a drop of 700 ft. Excursions may be made by boat to Hall's Arm and other localities in the sound, to Bradshaw Sound, and Crooked Arm, Thompson Sound.

This is the shortest route from the inland lakes to the West Coast fiords. The track is in a very rough condition, and the trip should only be taken by persons physically strong. A guide should be taken on this and all similar expeditions over rough country.

A melancholy story is associated with the discovery of a pass to this Sound. For several seasons a party of hardy explorers had endeavoured to reach Deep Cove from Manapouri *via* Mica Burn. In 1888 Professor Mainwaring Brown, a member of the staff of the Otago University, accompanied by Major Gudgeon and Mr. John White, once more essayed the difficult undertaking. After proceeding up a tributary of the Mica Burn, since named the Disaster, which is located under the walls of Leaning Peak, Professor Brown was lost, and from that day until now the secret of his disappearance is locked in the keeping of that wild and inhospitable region. The following

story of his disappearance is taken from Mr. T. Mackenzie's book on West Coast exploration :—

In December, 1888, Professor Brown, Major Gudgeon, and Mr. John White attempted to find a pass between the south-west arm of Lake Manapouri and Doubtful Sound. The season of 1888 was a very bad one; snowfalls continued right up to Christmas. This increased the danger enormously, because now and again a very hot day would be experienced, when the mountains' surface became warm, and great slips of snow would come down in quite unexpected places. I met Professor Brown in Dunedin about a month before he set out on his fatal expedition and endeavoured to dissuade him from venturing in such a season. He replied, "Well, you and Pillans and MacKinnon got over from Milford all right—a much worse country. Surely we can manage over to Doubtful Sound?" The next I heard of poor Brown was from Malcolm Ross, who came to me and told me the sad news that Brown was missing, adding, "The *Daily Times* Company are sending out a relief party, and are anxious that you should join it." We left Dunedin the following morning. After a most painstaking search we retraced our steps without finding any sign of the missing man. We searched from his tent—which was located about five miles from Manapouri, at an altitude of about 2,500 ft.—right over the saddle or range, called on the maps the Matterhorn Mountains, and down to the bush-level on the west side. The circumstances of his disappearance are these: Bad weather had kept the party confined to camp, and, for a change, he said he would take a stroll up the valley. The valley was a narrow gorge, flattening out a little about a mile above the camp, but still confined within high walls. Beyond that a wall of rock rose a few hundred feet high, over which a branch of the creek or river came, spreading out in many falls. The scrub was so dense that he was almost sure not to go into it. He would, therefore, follow the creek—a wild mountain torrent, in which were huge junks of rock. To cross the creek the traveller would require to jump from rock to rock. They were very "cogley," to use a Scotch word, and the least thing would overturn one, and, in the event of that occurring to a person, he might get stunned, and be very quickly carried down, or lodged in some foaming basin, where the continually shifting débris would very soon cover him. About half a mile from the camp the creek had cut through a big deposit of avalanche débris, the sides of which were quite perpendicular. There was no clay or binding substance of any kind, and in going past such a place the greatest vigilance must be observed so that no hand touch the sides, otherwise tons of stuff might suddenly come down and completely cover the traveller. About a mile further on was a great snow slip, or avalanche, on to which fresh avalanches were almost continually falling. No one with any knowledge of the work would venture there except when the weather was extremely cold. To these three dangers Brown was exposed. I am inclined to think that he fell into the creek in crossing. Whatever occurred I think took place quickly, and there is very little probability that his death was a lingering one. We named a lake we discovered Lake Mainwaring, after the late professor, as also a high mountain overlooking it.

Manapouri to Dusky Sound.

A very interesting expedition can be made from the south-west arm of Lake Manapouri by following the Spey River up to its source and crossing into the west *via* Mackenzie Saddle, and following the Seaforth down to Dusky Sound. This road is as yet but little known and presents some very rough work. In the future, however, it will be one of the leading paths to the Western Fiords, communicating as it does with one of the most historical portions of the West Coast of New Zealand, an immense sound where hundreds of mil

of boating can be done. This country was first partly explored in 1888, and again in 1894, and 1896 by Mr. T. Mackenzie and party, during which expeditions three passes were discovered and the locality named. It may be of interest to note that the mountains and rivers were called after the members of the Postal Conference which was then being held in New Zealand: such names as Mounts Ward, Horatio, Parker, Gray, and Rivers Dashwood, Shott, Colburn, Warren, Todd, being given to them by Mr. Mackenzie. In 1896 he connected his work with Dusky Sound, and discovered Lakes Ida, Earnshaw, and Gairloch, and, in the nomenclature of the country, he attached names associated with the clan to which he belongs—viz., Seaforth, Kintail, and Kilcoy, Braan and Dingwall, &c.

The view from the pass looking down Seaforth is very beautiful. Mr. Wilmot, who subsequently surveyed the country, thus describes it: "The peaks in every direction are so crowded and crushed together that one appears to be viewing a petrified ocean, but there are some fine contrasts. For instance, standing on the saddle between the Lyvia and Seaforth Rivers, on one side one looks down a grassy slope starred with mountain daisies and lilies, into the grassed valley of the Seaforth, with its groups of shady trees and pretty waterfalls trickling over granite faces from sparkling lakelets nestling in the mountains."

Lake Te Anau.

LAKE Te Anau, with its deeply indented coast-line, its great expanse of rich blue water, its islet-strewn fiords, and its wooded mountain-cliffs lifting to high snowy peaks, combines superb beauty of colour and contour with the magnificent wildness that is the abiding characteristic of Fiordland. Its large size, the variety and grandeur of its environments, give it a scenic value hardly inferior to that of Manapouri. Indeed, it is not easy to say which is the more beautiful, though Manapouri's somewhat softer charms generally win for it the title of the "Queen of New Zealand Lakes." Te Anau is the second largest lake in New Zealand (Taupo, in the North Island, is the largest), with an area of 132 square miles, or nearly two and a half times the size of Manapouri, and is eighteen square miles larger than Wakatipu. Its coast-line is estimated at 250 miles. Its length is about forty miles; its width varies from one to six miles. Like the other large alpine lakes, it fills a deep trough which was once the bed of an enormous glacier, and which in this instance extended for seventy or eighty miles, from the head of the Clinton far down the valley of the Waiau, below Manapouri. Te Anau was at one time (prior to Mr. Keith Lucas' survey of Manapouri) regarded as the deepest lake in New Zealand, on the strength of a reported sounding of some 1,300 ft. obtained many years ago by the late Captain Hankinson, near the mouth of its Middle Fiord, but a series of soundings taken in 1904 by Captain Post, of the New Zealand Government Service, did not reveal a greater depth than 900 ft.

The south-eastern shores of Te Anau consist of level lands and gently undulating downs, merging into ranges covered with dense forests of pine, beech, and birch. More than half the eastern shore is low-

LAKE TE ANAU.
SOUTH FIORD
LARG'S PEAK.
NORTH FIORD.
NOTORNIS BAY
THE PUKEKO

lying, and much of it is sheep-grazing country. The western shores are a complete contrast. Here all is given up to the wilderness of Fiordland, an immense lone land of dense and dripping forests, from whose glooms protrude a countless multitude of peaks, many naked and craggy, of fantastic and unscaleable aspect, many crowned with perpetual snow; a forest and mountain land jewelled with blue lakelets and silvery cascades and inhabited only by the creatures of the wild.

Four high ranges of snowy mountains form Te Anau's western and south-western barriers—the Kepler Mountains, separating the South Fiord from Lake Manapouri; the Murchison Mountains, between the South and Middle Fiords; the Stuart Peaks, and the Franklin Mountains. The South Fiord is sixteen miles in length and runs in the direction of Doubtful Sound; the extraordinary chain of little lakes draining into its head by the Gorge Burn extends to within two miles of the head of Bradshaw Sound. Eleven mountain lakes marked on the Fiordland map send their waters into this fiord of Te Anau, besides smaller tarns. The Middle Fiord has two arms, stretching twelve and thirteen miles from the main body of the lake; at the head of the northernmost branch is the route to George Sound. The North Fiord, the narrowest of all, is about eleven miles in length, extending towards Bligh Sound. These three island-guarded fiords are the chief glory of Te Anau, winding as they do between mile-high mountain-cliffs, everywhere threaded by sparkling waterfalls pouring down from a thousand alpine tarns and snow-fed streams.

What little we know of the Maori occupation of Te Anau's shores relates chiefly to the Waitaha tribe and their successors, the Ngatimamoe. About twenty-four generations ago some of the Takitimu immigrants from Polynesia, under their sailor-chief Tamatea, settled at Tarahau-kapiti, near the base of the Takitimu Mountains, and established *kaikas* around the foot of Te Anau, where eels and birds were abundant. One of these villages was Owhitianga-te-ra ("Place of the Shining Sun"), close to the southern corner of the lake, where the Waiau River takes its exit. Here was a famous *pa-tuna*, or eel-weir, where great quantities of the fat lake *tuna* were taken. Another settlement was Te Kowhai, close to the present township of Te Anau.

The melancholy story of the lost Ngatimamoe Tribe is one of the memories of Te Anau. The southern and eastern shores of the lake were the last refuge of Ngatimamoe before they took to the wild regions of the west, some time in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Defeated by the Ngaitahu in battles at Teihoka and elsewhere, a considerable body of them fled up the Waiau and rested awhile at Te Anau. Here they were building rafts in order to cross the lake, when their enemies suddenly came upon them. A number of the 'Mamoe succeeded in crossing to the northern side of the South Fiord, and escaped into the forests, but the majority of the fugitives

SOUTH FIORD.
TE ANAU
KAWAU.
NORTH FIORD.
MIDDLE FIORD
KOTUKU
THE NARROWS NORTH FD.

were delayed by the construction of a large raft, which was not finished when Ngaitahu attacked them. The final encounter took place on the western side of the lake, near the southern point of the entrance to the South Fiord. Here most of the Mamoe were killed, amongst them their chief Pukutahi. The leader of the Ngaitahu expedition was Te-Hau-tapu-nui-o-Tu. The survivors disappeared into the gloomy forests, and never again man's eye beheld them. It is supposed that they made their way on their *mokihis* up the lake to the Middle and North Sounds, and thence worked across to the northernmost of the West Coast Sounds—Caswell, George, and Bligh Sounds, and possibly Milford, where traces of Native inhabitants have been met with in comparatively recent times. About the year 1842 a sealing-schooner, commanded by Captain Howell, sailed into Bligh Sound one night, and dropped anchor. To the surprise of the crew, fires were seen on the shore. At daylight a boat's crew landed to make investigations. Maori dwellings were found, and in them some mats, a *patu-paraoa* or whalebone club, and other articles, but the occupants of the lone *kaika* had fled to the depths of the forest, no doubt alarmed by the appearance of a strange vessel in their quiet fiord,

THE MIDDLE FIORD, LAKE TE ANAU.

IN THE SOUTH-WEST ARM, MIDDLE FIORD, LAKE TE ANAU.

and the plunge of the anchor and the rattle of chain through the hawse-pipe that awakened the long-slumbering echoes of the bay. The tracks of the Maoris were followed for a short distance into the bush, but Howell's Native sailors did not venture far, fearing to fall into an ambuscade, and contented themselves with taking away the *patu-paraoa* and a mat as relics of the phantom tribe. Until a few years ago it was thought possible that some members of this Ishmaelite tribe might yet be found living in the remoter recesses of Fiordland, still wrapped in the darkness of the Stone Age. This romantic hope has now, however, been dispelled. But sometimes a Southern Native will be heard expressing a fanciful belief that the Ngatimamoe still haunt the great forests of the west. Says a Ngaitahu Maori: "A remnant of that people may be living to this day in the mountains of Te Rua-o-te-Moko, in the regions of the frost. Who knows? They were an *iwi-kohuru*—a treacherous tribe—and given to ambuscades, and when pursued their wise men would repeat prayers and charms, and invoke the gods of the air, and dense fogs and mists would then descend and hide them from their pursuers, and they would escape into the depths of the forest. The mists were their salvation (*Na te kohu i whakaora*). This is the reason that they are not now seen."

The name Te Anau is said by the Maoris to have been a personal name, that of a woman whose father was a chief named Hekeia, and whose mother was Arowhenua, two of the early immigrants.

The first white man to set foot on the shores of Te Anau is believed to have been John Mackay, who reached the southern end of the lake about 1851. Then followed Mr. Donald Hankinson and Mr. Clark, and later (1860) Messrs. Henry and Griffiths, who discovered the open country in the neighbourhood of the Eglinton (eastern side). In 1877, Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Hankinson explored the country beyond the bed of the north-west arm of the Middle Fiord, and discovered Lake Hankinson. Mr. Thompson followed, and found the lake which bears his name. Mr. R. Henry and Mr. R. Murrell subsequently went on past these lakes and reached George Sound. Later on Messrs. Quintin McKinnon and Tucker penetrated from the south-west arm of the Middle Fiord (*via* the Doon Valley) to Caswell Sound, discovering two lakes, which now bear their names, and some deposits of white marble. In 1898, Mr. W. Y. Hall, and Te Au, a Colac Bay Maori explored some of the country between the head of the South Fiord and Nancy and Bradshaw Sounds, and discovered ten lakes, two of which have been named after the explorers, and another after Captain Duncan, an artist who has resided at Te Anau for many years. At the end of 1904, a pleasure exploring-party—Messrs. W. S. Graves (of Oamaru), T. A. Hunter (Wellington), A. Grenfell (Gore), and W. Smith (Pukerau), succeeded after a very rough experience in penetrating from the Worsley River, at the north end of Te Anau, to the head of Sutherland Sound, just south of Milford, and discovered several new lakes, including one about six miles in length and three miles wide near the Sound. This lake is about 400 ft. above sea-level, and is described as beautifully clear and very deep, surrounded by high precipitous bluffs. The most important discovery of all, however, in connection with Te Anau and its environs, dates back to 1888, when Quintin McKinnon and E. A. Mitchell found a practicable route from the head of the lake to Milford Sound, over the pass which now bears McKinnon's name. A few years later the stout-hearted McKinnon was drowned in Te Anau.

The native avifauna of the western forests is still prolific in spite of the destruction caused amongst the wingless birds by ferrets, which were many years ago liberated on the shores of Te Anau in the hope that they would exterminate the rabbits. The most interesting of all the denizens of the bush is, or was, the rare takahea, or *Notornis mantelli*, the last known living specimen of which was caught on the shores of the Middle Fiord of Te Anau, in 1898. It is quite possible that this curious bird may not yet be extinct, and that a few specimens of the most ancient of feathered creatures may still roam the western bush. In former times, takahea were plentiful around the shores of

THE TAKAHEA (*Notornis mantelli*).

Manapouri and Te Anau, and the Southland Maoris were accuston to make annual expeditions for their capture. The winter snc drove the birds down from the mountains, and they were then fou around the shores of the lakes, feeding on the sweet swamp-grass pou (*Festuca littoralis*). One of the spots much frequented by the takal was a lagoon (*hapua*) known as Te Wai-o-Pani, on the south-w shores of Te Anau. This lagoon is backed by a high cliff, on top of which is a plateau with a natural *pakihi* or clearing, rich in fe root, one of the food-staples of the olden Maori. The clearing perfect and safe retreat for a broken tribe, was accessible only b very precipitous route, up the face of the cliff. The white man, say Murihiku people, has not yet discovered this well-hidden *pakihi*. takahea was hunted with dogs, and when attacked showed vigor fight, striking out with its feet and biting with its strong short be and hissing like a bittern. The Natives describe its resonant meta night-cry as resembling the sound made by two pieces of greenst when sharply struck together.

TE ANAU TO GEORGE SOUND.

Steamer to head of Middle Fiord, thence on foot (boat on Lake Hankins Guide, 10s. per day. Time, 4 days (from Lake to Sound, 1 day each way).

Distances.—From Lake Te Anau to Lake Hankinson (714 ft.) ¼ mile; ti ½ hour. Lake Hankinson to Lake Thomson (1,075 ft.), 1 mile; time, 1 h Lake Thompson to Rugged Burn (1,175 ft.), ½ mile; time, ¼ hour. Rugged E to Deadwood Lagoon (1,800 ft.), 5 miles: time, 2 hours. Deadwood to to pass (2,500 ft.), ½ mile; time, ½ hour. Pass to Lake Catherine (2,200 ft.), 3 mi time, 1½ hours. Lake Catherine to George Sound, 1½ miles; time, 1 hour.

The first object of interest on this grand scenic expedition is L Hankinson, a very beautiful sheet of water, five miles in length, flan by mountains rising to heights of from 5,000 ft. to nearly 6,000 perpetually snow-capped, and carrying numerous glaciers. Th is a boat on Lake Hankinson; the shores are so precipitous that i not practicable to travel along them. At the head of the lake a v beautiful waterfall is seen on the north side, and a river of large volu flows in. On one of the branches of this river are the Fraser Fa some 500 ft. in height, and of extreme grandeur.

The walk from Lake Hankinson to Lake Thompson (three mi is through the forest, in which beech-trees 28 ft. in girth have b observed. On the south side of Lake Thompson is the Fairy Water

in a grotto about 50 yards back from the shore. Another cataract, the "Rainy Fall," which streams down the mountain-sides from an immense height, is about 500 yards farther west. A river in the vicinity issues from a tremendous chasm, surmised to have been the crater of a volcano. Immediately above this is Mount Macandrew. From here onwards waterfalls of great height are seen, and the mountain scenery is extremely bold. The highest point of the route is ten miles from and 2,500 ft. above Lake Te Anau. Descending the western watershed, Loch Katrine (two miles long by one mile and a half wide) is reached; thence an hour's walk through a beautiful forest brings the traveller to George Sound. The plant-life on the track from Deadwood Lagoon to the Sound is particularly varied and interesting. The whole journey can be accomplished from Te Anau in about nine hours. A guide should be taken; the track is in rough condition and very little used.

TO THE HEAD OF TE ANAU.

(Forty miles by steamer. Fare, single, £1; return, £1 10s.)

The water trip to the head of Te Anau is a delightful excursion, particularly so if the cruise be extended so as to include the Middle Arm or one of the other fiords. On a calm summer morning, when the night-mists have lifted from the lake and the blue waters flash to life, it is glorious to sail on and on along this paradise of inland seas, watching green headland after headland opening out and the grand peaks rising like glittering islands out of the broad bands of fog that swathe the mountain-sides.

Casting off from the wharf at Te Anau Township, the steamer rounds the green point on which the Maori village Te Kowhai once stood, and, heading northwards, passes the group of bushy islets that lie at the entrance of the South Fiord, and closely skirts the western shore, where the green buttresses of the Murchison Mountains sink steeply to the lake. Here, on a little clearing on Garden Point, is seen the deserted ruined hut of Quintin McKinnon, pathetic memorial to the explorer who lost his life while sailing his whaleboat single-handed on the lake one squally day in 1892. Black Cone (5,655 ft.) towers far above. Coasting along we open up more lofty peaks, with the strangely shaped summits of the Stuart Mountains right ahead—the northern barriers

QUINTIN McKINNON.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO MILFORD.

of the Middle Fiord. On our rigl see Centre Island, the Tihaka o Maoris; a little higher up, on the ea shore, is the mouth of the Egl River; up the valley of this rive ancient Maoris had a route to the l waters of the Greenstone River (Wakatipu) and thence across to Ma Bay, on the West Coast.

On a small island a few miles be the Eglinton, and immediately op the North Fiord, a rugged granite stands as a memorial to Quintin M non, the drowned explorer. The fo ing account of the discovery of M non's whaleboat was written by M Mackenzie, F.R.G.S., who was aske the then Premier, the late Mr. Se to search for the lost explorer:—

The boat we found sunk and lying side, sails set, about 2 ft. of the point mast appearing above the water. She about 6 ft. of water, about one chain from Lone Island, and between the islar the mainland. She had evidently not for we could see McKinnon's boots, billie &c., in the boat. She had about 1 cwt. last in her, which had shifted. As we her out we found all McKinnon's thing as buckets, billies, rifle, vasculum, tin-lamps, billhooks, &c., in the boat. C after seat was a copy of the journal *Bla White* of 11th July, 1891, which McK had evidently been reading. It is thoug McKinnon must have been knocked o possibly he had fallen asleep. It was hi to sit on the high deck at the stern boat, the tiller being very short, and th thing would knock him over. Once lake, if he had his gum boots on, he have great difficulty in swimming in t cold water, and would sink. The lake o North Fiord is a most dangerous place. that arm a wind will come sweeping hurricane, when it is blowing quite stea or down the lake. This causes a nasty j When McKinnon, Pillans, and I came the first trip overland we were in the same place by a dreadful squall and we almost despaired of reac place of safety again. It being our wish to mark the locality where McKi boat was found, we selected a small rocky islet, about three chains from On this islet, and near its highest point, there is a huge white granite block, perfectly level, with perpendicular sides and broad pointed top—a landm

miles around. The block had been left there ages ago by a huge glacier. Mr. Pillans attempted to cut McKinnon's name in the stone, but could not with the tools at our disposal (Mr. R. Henry returned and cut the name). Behind this block we placed a cross, building it in with a cairn of stones, and hung on it a wreath of white myrtle. The granite block with the rough-hewn cross are well in harmony with the wild surroundings, and in touch with the life of him whose memory we hope to keep green. Immediately behind the cross rises Lone Island, covered with silver birch, feathery kowhai, and fringing rimu, and the flowering myrtle and manuka. Back a little further wooded hills rise, while the background is filled in with giant mountains, rising crag on crag and peak on peak, mantled for the greater part of the year in snow.

HEAD OF LAKE TE ANAU.

The Middle Fiord, its surface adorned with green groves of islets, opens out on the left—a tranquil lane of turquoise water, confined between green walls of forest climbing the mountains to the clouds and merging in the distance into the delicious misty blue of the Barrier Peaks and the white sheen of the crowning snowfields. More than a score of islands strew the fiord, all wooded and mossy, and trailing their branches in the quiet waters. The mountains that overhang us on the left assume extremely bold outlines—turrets, spikes, and

tors of vast cragginess. Soon the North Fiord is passed, with t inevitable green islet sitting sentry at its entrance. This fiord narrower and more cañon-like than the others, and the precipit snow-peaked mountains that wall it in rise to nearly 6,000 ft. N the lake itself grows narrower and the scenery grander. Steeri close under the lovely Foliage Head (right), where every vestige the rocky bluff is hidden by a lustrous garment of flowering trees a shrubbery and tree-ferns, the steamer suddenly rounds up into t head of the lake. On the left lies the Worsley Arm, an enchanti reach of calmest water, steeped in colours of a sweet gorgeousn beyond compare. The water is a heavenly blue, unrippled by t faintest breath, a perfect and exquisite mirror of the mountain glor around it. Over the green and purple heights is drawn the soft thinnest veil of summer haze, delicately toning all high lights and de shadows, and into the golden sky lift sharp peaks of blue-grey ro and glittering snow, with a glacier-cap twinkling in the far distar like an Alpine heliograph. At the head of this arm the Worsley Ri flows in, broken near the lake by a beautiful waterfall.

The steamer's head is now directed to the opposite arm, the easte and a tremendous group of dark mountain chiefs, rock-bonne and belted with white mists, bars the high sky-line straight ahe How stupendously craggy their granite summits! how silvery th flashing cascades! how gloriously green the woodlands into wh their shoulders vanish! Then a deep forested valley opens before where a broad river flows into the head of the lake. On either side v cliffs rise to a prodigious height; in the middle distance is a h snowy mountain-head, framed in the nearer trees. Here is the fam Clinton Valley, the avenue to the West Coast Fiordland.

The steamer berths at a wharf on the Clinton Bay, and after a minutes' walk through the beech woodland, GLADE HOUSE, the Government house of accommodation, is reached. This place of s is owned and managed by the Tourist Department.

One of the charms of the Glade is the native bird-life. The tui the bell-bird haunt the gardens and the edge of the woodland, and the morning the traveller is awakened by the sweetest of gurglings chimings and whistlings and silvery pipings around his window. front of the accommodation-house a lawn stretches to the tree-arc waterside, where the Clinton sweeps round in a noble loop, deep, p and icy-cold, and so delightfully clear that you can see every pebble the bottom. Looking up the valley from here, the wild crag of Mo MacKenzie is full in view, flanked on the right by the snow-powde rock-castle of Mount Anau (6,294 ft.). To the left rises an imme wall of partly wooded rock, the western rampart of the Clinton Cañ to the right the grey precipices of Skelmorlie; all between is fil

up with the tall woods, dense and mysterious and of a twilight gloom. It is the forest that we will penetrate on our walk to Milford—a forest instinct with challenge to the imaginative wanderer, the dusky fringe of Wonderland. What strange sights may not lie behind its dark-green curtain!

Let us see.

Te Anau to Milford Sound.

THE CLINTON CAÑON.—McKINNON'S PASS.—SUTHERLAND FALLS.—ARTHUR VALLEY.

IT is with an exhilarating sense of perfect freedom, physic and mental, that one strikes out along the forest trail f Milford. The cares of the outer world are dropped wi the passage of the golden-sanded river that belts t woody cañon, and thenceforward—but for a space all t short—the traveller revels in the simpler life. T sights and sounds of nature, the inspiring upward spri of the mountains, the cool fragrance of the forests, t ripple of the streams, the music of the cataracts, all co grateful to the soul. Such a tramp as this is good every man, a tonic for brain and body worth all the me cine in the world.

The walk from Glade House to Milford Sound occupies from two three days, according to the capacity of the pedestrian. It has several occasions been accomplished in one day. The first section the journey is from foot to head of the Clinton Cañon, then comes t ascent of McKinnon's Pass, the descent to the Sutherland Falls, a the walk down the Arthur Valley to the head of Milford, varied b boat trip across Lake Ada if desired. The tour is across practica level or gently sloping country with the exception of McKinnon's Pa a narrow razorback between 3,400 ft. and 3,500 ft. above the sea, volving a climb of some 1,800 ft. from the head of the Clinton Cañ and on the return journey of an additional 1,000 ft from the Art Valley (on this account it is easier to travel from Te Anau to Milf than *vice versa*). The foot-road is good, and for a considerable dista

lies through the shady bush; the track over the Pass is a well-graded alpine path. The Tourist Department keeps a staff of men on the route all through the summer months, and Government guides may be engaged, but the track is so good that there is no fear of losing it.

There are comfortable shelter-huts at convenient stages, furnished with sleeping-accommodation and well supplied with food. There are separate huts for ladies. The huts are maintained by the Government for the use of tourists, and there are resident cooks at each, so that the traveller has his wants promptly attended to, and enjoys all the pleasures of a holiday in the bush without the discomforts and labour attendant upon "camping out."

DISTANCES.	Miles.
Glade House, Te Anau, to Pompalona Huts	10
Pompalona Huts to Quintin Huts	9
Quintin Huts to Sutherland Falls	1¼
Quintin Huts to Milford Sound (including 4 to 5 miles by boat across Lake Ada)	13
By launch across the Sound to Sutherland's accommodation-house	2

The total walking distance is about 33 miles.

The distance from Glade House to Milford may be covered conveniently in three days in the following stages:—

FIRST DAY.—Walk to Pompalona Huts.

SECOND DAY.—Walk from Pompalona Huts across the Pass to Sutherland Falls and Quintin Huts.

THIRD DAY.—Walk from Quintin Huts to Lake Ada, lunching at hut *en route;* boat across the lake (or walk around its western shore), and walk to head of Sound; thence launch to Sutherland's. The walking-trip round the shores of Lake Ada is advised on the outward trip, returning by the boat on the lake.

CHARGES.—Meals and beds at huts, 2s. each. Track ticket, 3s. 6d., including ferries on Clinton and Arthur Rivers. Guide fees: 12s. 6d. per day for one person, 2s. 6d. per day for each additional member of party. Boat on Lake Ada, 2s. 6d.

Those engaging guides have preference in hut accommodation.

The menu at the huts includes fresh bread, fresh butter, ham and bacon, potatoes, various tinned vegetables, and tinned meat, soups, and fruits.

CLOTHING AND EQUIPMENT.

Pedestrians should travel lightly and easily clothed. All luggage can be left at Glade House until return.

A strong suit of moderately light clothing should be worn. Showers are frequent in this country in summer, but heavy mackintoshes, &c., are simply encumbrances; one never takes cold when on the move, and wet clothes can always be thoroughly dried at the hut fires in the evening.

The traveller should be prepared to carry his own few necessaries for the trip. As a precaution in case of rain, the "swag" should be packed in a small waterproof valise, or a square of oil-sheet.

The following articles of clothing and equipment are recommended for travellers making the overland trip: Men: Knickerbocker suit; two pairs of stockings; stout boots, medium nails; putties; pair of slippers or light shoes, for wearing in huts; two soft shirts; change of underclothing; soft felt hat; short light mackintosh cape, to cover body only, or strong umbrella; loose gloves; spirit flask. Women: Plain light skirt, short; light knickerbocker underwear; hat suitable for either sun or rain; change of stockings; woollen underwear; strong boots, with medium-sized nails, low and broad heels; putties; pair of slippers; easy-fitting gloves; waterproof cape or strong umbrella.

NOTE.—The traveller may save himself the trouble of carrying a gun or rifle to Te Anau, as he would not be permitted to take it into Fiordland. All native birds are strictly protected. For the angler there is good sport. The Clinton River and Lake Ada carry large trout, and there are many miles of fishing-water. In Milford Sound there is excellent sea-fishing for blue-cod, hapuku, &c. Dogs are not allowed to be brought into Fiordland, for fear of injury to the ground-birds.

THE CLINTON CAÑON.

Colossal rock-architecture is the great feature of this region. The Grand Cañon of the Clinton is New Zealand's Yosemite, presenting on an even huger, wilder scale the most striking characteristics of the world-famed valley in the Sierra Nevada. It is an immense ice-gouged trough in the heart of the mountains, a depression fourteen miles long (twice the length of the Yosemite) and from a quarter to half a mile in width, walled by perpendicular cliffs of from 3,000 ft. to 4,000 ft. in height, sloping steeply back therefrom to snowy mountain-peaks of between 6,000 ft. and 7,000 ft. This wonderful valley-rift is filled to overflowing with a dense and beautiful forest climbing even the granite sides of the cañon where the slope is anything less than absolutely vertical, and through its midst winds the crystal river, fed by a thousand streams and cataracts, some descending seemingly from the clouds, so lofty is their birthplace in the perpetual snows.

The first half of the walk up the cañon of the Clinton is through the beech forest, cool and mossy, and pregnant with the mystery of untold centuries. Lofty trees growing close together uplift a canopy of richest green, admitting here and there glints of sunshine that turn the crisp tawai-leaves carpeting the path to leaves of gold. The boles of the trees are clothed with a thick matting of mosses, lichens, and ferns, and orchids grow in the forks of their branches. From the wide-spreading boughs hang long beards and festoons of grey and golden moss. In places the clematis hangs in white starry clusters from the trees, and the rata dyes the outskirts of the bush as gorgeous a crimson as in the Northern forests. Further up the valley, in the

IN THE CLINTON VALLEY, McKINNON'S PASS IN THE DISTANCE.

more open parts, there are acres and acres of ribbonwood or lacebark (the whauwhi of the Maoris) diffusing a delicious perfume and showering the path with delicate white blossoms; the streams are here and there covered with these "floating flowerets," scattered by the summer breezes. High overhead, where the tree-tops part now and then, we see the walls of the cañon, lifting thousands of feet above us, in some places draped with the vegetation that in this region climbs perpendicular precipices in so wonderful a fashion, in others presenting a sheer palisade of bare black or grey granite, streaming with waterfalls and harbouring no plant or shrub upon its rugged face.

Leaving the denser bush, the tremendous rock ramparts on either side excite our wonder more and more. The wall close on our left, rising to the clouds in one grand scarp, is remarkably uniform in contour for nearly its whole length to Castle Mountain, at the head of the cañon. The expressive Maori name Pari-roa, meaning "Far-stretching Cliff," has been given to this colossal mountain-front.

The bird-life of this valley is of exceeding interest. The tui's note is the most frequently heard, and kaka parrots and wood-pigeons abound.

The forest is the haunt of the wingless, or rather flightless night-roaming birds of New Zealand, the kiwi, weka, and kakapo. As night comes on in these quarters around the huts is heard the cry of the kiwi—the "hidden bird of Tane" (the Maori god of the woods), and the sharp and melancholy call of the weka. The beautiful putangitangi (paradise-duck) and the whio or "whistler" (the blue mountain-duck) are seen floating on the glassy Clinton. Here and there, where the track winds round the margin of some clear calm pool, there are little fleets of whio disporting themselves quite fearlessly, uttering now and then the peculiar cry, like a whistle with a cold in it, that has gained for them their Maori name. They have never learned to fear man's destroying gun, and their confidence is pretty to see.

At about ten miles from Glade House are the POMPALONA HUTS. *En route*, the traveller sees on his right, across the Clinton, the snowy mass of Mount Mackenzie, a bold, craggy peak some 6,000 ft. in height, named after Mr. Thomas Mackenzie, M.H.R. From a great rift in the mountains plunges a remarkable waterfall, whose total descent from its parent snow-fields cannot be much less than 3,000 ft. In its lower course, where it leaps into view, after falling some hundreds of feet it strikes the rock and shoots outward and downward like some immense hydraulic sluice, pulsating furiously. This cataract has been named the "Hireré," meaning "to flow in gushes or spurts." St. Quintin's Falls (named after Quintin McKinnon) are also seen on the right-hand side of the valley—a beautiful cataract of great volume and height, descending from the snows of Mount Mackenzie.

Four miles beyond the Pompalona Huts Lake Mintaro is passed (right). The head of the cañon is now in view, and there are magnificent pictures of Balloon Peak, with its tremendous precipices, down which avalanches thunder after a heavy fall of snow. Mintaro is a small lagoon, dark green, and bosomed in the trees. It is a lake of wonderful reflections. One might say of it, as Henry Thoreau wrote of his beautiful river the Concord: "The birds seemed to fly through submerged groves, alighting on the yielding sprays, and their clear notes to come up from below. We were uncertain whether the water floated the land or the land held the water in its embrace." Paradise-ducks and whio sail about its waters, uttering their singular cries; and the dense woods around are alive with the songs of the tui. Mintaro has an air of uncanny mystery, with its burgeoning forests, bearded with long moss, and its inscrutable depths—fitting haunt for some Maori *taniwha*.

McKINNON'S PASS, FROM THE VALLEY OF THE CLINTON.

McKINNON'S PASS.

Leaving Mintaro the Upper Clinton River is crossed, then the ascen of McKinnon's Pass is begun. The cañon narrows, and the air is tremu lous with the voice of many waters. Thickets of sweet flowerin ribbonwood are passed: the blossoms somewhat resemble orange blossom in appearance and perfume. Suddenly a stupendous precipic confronts the traveller, sweeping round from left to right in a half-moo

THE VALLEY OF THE MISTS.

LOOKING DOWN THE CLINTON CAÑON FROM THE SUMMIT OF McKINNON'S PASS.

cul-de-sac, without a break or ravine—a tremendous wall of granit perhaps half a mile wide at the summit of the basin and upwards c bare rock. This is the head of the cañon. It is an extraordinar 3,000 ft. in vertical height. Down the walls of this mighty Colosseu of the mountains stream scores of cataracts—the sources of the Clinto —which from a distance resemble white glistening threads draw straight from top to bottom of the precipice. High above all are th snowfields, and the naked crags of the upper mountains.

At first glance there is no apparent exit from this Dantesque cañon. Towering overhead on the right front is a lofty ridge curving down between two gigantic monoliths whose sharp pinnacles touch the clouds—Mount Hart on the left, Balloon Peak on the right. Approaching the wall, a track reveals itself, corkscrewing up the mountain-side, through clinging clumps of ribbonwood and through beds of Alpine flowers. Trudging up along this track—a well-graded, easy Alpine path—the scene becomes grander with every bend and turn, and the full view of the cañon-head impresses one beyond words. Now the flora begins to excite attention. There are pretty little violets and forget-me-nots, daintily white. There are whole gardens of the beautiful mountain-lily or rather buttercup (*Ranunculus lyallii*), blossoms of purest white resting on great cup-like leaves, which are often found half-full of Nature's "mountain-dew." Far up the Pass and to left and right the lovely beds of white and green extend. Large mountain-daisies (Celmisia) abound. These flowers, with their thick downy leaves, are the tikumu of the South Island Maoris, who were wont to use the silver-backed leaves as a *tohu-rangatira* to ornament their hair on festive occasions, just as their North Island cousins used the huia-feather. The toi or mountain-palm, with its long sword-leaves, is seen, and near the top of the pass are dwarf neinei (the alpine Dracophyllum), symmetrical and handsome.

The panorama from the summit of McKinnon's Pass is superb beyond belief. It is one of the great pictures not only of New Zealand but of the world. The two monumental peaks which form the right and left bastions of the narrow wall shoot sharply up like two prodigious marline-spikes—bare ice-chiselled rock-masses 6,000 ft. to 7,000 ft. in height. Balloon Peak presents on every side almost vertical faces. There is no peak like it in the whole of our alpine region. Its summit has never yet been trodden by human foot; it stands scornful and alone, shrugging off even the soft garment of snow with which Nature endeavours to clothe its huge nakedness. Its straightly towering presence dwarfs, overwhelms all other landscape features. It is the Clinton's El Capitan.

Look around you. Ossian in his grandest mood never dreamed of such a savage mountain-scene as this—fit setting for the battles of the gods. You are in the very heart of the western alpine land—a world of rock and ice. Peak after peak rises to the sky, in gables, pyramids, rock-cones, and spires of wildest architecture, snow-capped and blazing with glaciers. Right ahead, just across the abyss, an immense glacier flashes white fire, bedded in the lap of a black mountain. Its crevasses gleam pale blue, its jagged edge overhangs a precipice, and every now and then discharges thundering avalanches in glittering white cascades into the mist-veiled chasm, where the ice-born rivers roar. Then look back down the Clinton. The valley from which you have

climbed is, perhaps, immersed in fleecy fog, which fills it from side to side, a vast winding river of swirling vapour.

The mountain just opposite, dominating the head of the Arthur, is Mount Elliott; the icefields are those of the Jervois Glacier. To the left is another magnificent guardian of the new cañon, Mount Pillans, a perfect cone, bedded in rich forests and terminating in a symmetrical peak of bare dark-grey granite. The immense precipice over which the Sutherland Waterfall plunges is hidden from view as yet, but it is close on the left between Mount Pillans and Mount Hart. The glacier-fed mountain tarn, Lake Quill, forming the reservoir of

THE JERVOIS GLACIER, MOUNT ELLIOTT.

FROM FOOT OF McKINNON'S PASS (MILFORD SIDE).

the great cataract, may be seen from the top of Mount Hart, which is climbable in spite of the sharp and rugged aspect which it presents to one standing on the pass.

The story of the discovery of this pass is interesting. Quintin McKinnon, after several unsuccessful attempts to find a pass to Milford Sound from the head of Te Anau, made his final and successful effort in the spring of 1888. For some time his whereabouts was unknown. The Chief Surveyor of Otago (Mr. Adams) formed a party to explore the vicinity of Milford, and measure the Sutherland Falls. He invited Messrs. Thomas Mackenzie and W. S. Pillans to join him, their object being to find a pass to Te Anau, and, if possible, come across McKinnon, whose long absence was causing anxiety. The party arrived in Milford

MOUNT BALLOON.

in September, 1888, where they established their headquarters, Messrs. Mackenzie and Pillans pushing on as far as the Sutherland Falls, near the foot of which they met Donald Sutherland—discoverer of the great waterfall. After reconnoitring the country, and liberating some trout-fry in the Cleddau River and Lake Ada, the party decided that a likely pass could be found near Mount Balloon, and, leaving part of their equipment inland, they returned to the Sound for ampler supplies. At the suggestion of the Chief Surveyor Joe's River was explored, as it was thought that McKinnon would perhaps emerge at that river, but unsuccessfully. One morning one of the road-men told Mr. Adams that he had seen three "explorers" come over the pass, and he pointed up towards where McKinnon's Pass was afterwards found. "What do you mean," asked Mr. Adams. "Well," he replied, "I was up this morning by daybreak, and I looked up and saw three black swans coming over to this side from the other, and, as birds generally fly over the lowest gaps in a range, I should not be surprised if that is where the pass is." This surmise was soon proved correct, although neither Mr. Adams nor Mr. Mackenzie was destined to be the first to cross the saddle. Mr. Mackenzie and two companions did some exploring on the head-waters of the Arthur River, beyond the Sutherland Falls. About two miles above the Falls they crossed a low saddle, over which the river fell, forming a wild rapid. A little beyond this they discovered a very pretty lake, into which two lovely waterfalls fell. This lake they named St. Mary's. A flock of ducks on the lake, on seeing the explorers, swam right over to them, doubtless wondering what the strange creatures were. Following the river the party passed a large accumulation of avalanche snow, which came right across the valley and formed a small lake, the river finding its way beneath the snow. The river here forks off into two branches, the one taking a southerly course and the other a northerly one. The south branch reaches the valley over a steep rocky face, some 700 ft. high, forming a fine waterfall of some three leaps which was named the Kenneth. The northern branch, it was afterwards found, led through a fine pass to one of the sounds (the Sutherland). The party then returned to camp below the Sutherland Falls, and on their way down to Milford they were delighted to find two trees blazed with McKinnon's initials, also a sheet of paper stuck upon the end of a stick, and bearing the following: "Arrived 17th October, 1888. All well. 4 o'clock sharp. Gone down river. Q. McKinnon." A couple of hours later they overtook McKinnon, and from him obtained a description of the hardships he had undergone, and the parties then united to return to Te Anau. Many difficulties were, however, experienced in again finding the Pass; bad weather set in, and, after a rough time, they reached Te Anau and pushed on to Lumsden, whence a telegram was sent announcing the important discovery.

THE SUTHERLAND FALLS.

Descending the precipitous northern side of the Pass by a carefully graded path, the route crosses a rocky-bedded stream, well named Roaring Creek, fed by the melting ice of the Jervois Glacier, and enters the Arthur Valley. On the right are beds of avalanche snow and ice, fallen from the black cliffs of Elliott. The Arthur Valley ends in a dead wall sagging down between Balloon Peak and Mount Elliott, after the manner of the Clinton head, but not so defiantly precipitous, and seamed with *couloirs* and grown with snow-grass and shrubs. The track soon leaves the avalanche *débris* and strikes into the bush, skirting Roaring Creek. Some fine cascades are passed.

THE QUINTIN HUTS, NEAR SUTHERLAND FALLS.

The principal fall has hollowed out a peculiar corkscrew-like water-race, Helen Falls, and plunges furiously down into a deep and whirling pool. Near here a signboard indicates the turn-off (left) to the Quintin Huts and Sutherland Falls, the Milford Sound track continuing straight down the valley.

At nine miles from Pompalona Huts are the QUINTIN HUTS. These huts, a welcome sight to the tired traveller, stand in a little clearing in the midst of the dense beech forest.

A track, a mile and a quarter in length, leads from the huts to the brink of the Sutherland Falls. This is one of the loveliest of woodland walks. Great beeches, rata, silver-birch, and other fine trees interlock their branches overhead, all hanging with thick beards of grey and crimson moss. It is always semi-twilight in the deeper glades, where the foliage quite excludes the sun; and everything is elfish and fantastic.

Emerging from the fringe of the enchanted forest, you turn a corner, and suddenly the famous waterfall leaping from the clouds drops into a hidden chasm, from which a cloud of steam-like spray continually ascends. The first impression of the Sutherland Falls is often one of disappointment, for it is hard to realise that it is close on 2,000 ft. in height, so cyclopean are the dimensions of the surrounding mountains. It is long and narrow, like a white ribbon hanging down the precipice. But the longer you gaze at it the more your wonder grows. Approaching the grassy verge of the frothing pool into which it plunges, and looking up, up to where cloudland and mountain meet, you see the first leap shooting out over the edge of a great gap in the perpen-

Muir and Moodie.] THE SUTHERLAND FALLS (1,904 ft.). [photo, Dunedin.

dicular cliff of granite, then another long drop—a pulsating band of silver drawn down the dark wall—then the third and shortest leap, in itself a great waterfall, thundering into the boiling whirlpool at your feet. Iris colours play round the fall-foot, and when the sun floods down through the flying spray the giant cataract and cliff are seen through the most glorious of rainbows.

No white man had set eyes on this great water-leap prior to 1880. On the 10th November of that year, two adventurous gold-prospectors, Donald Sutherland and John Mackay, working up from Milford, discovered the falls to which the Government afterwards gave Sutherland's name. Sutherland's report was not generally credited until 1888, when a Government survey party explored the valley and took measurements of the fall. It was found to measure 1,904 ft. from top to bottom, divided into three leaps—815 ft., 751 ft., and 338 ft. The great Yosemite Fall is said to descend 2,600 ft. in a series of cascades; a stream, however, intervenes between two of the leaps, the highest of which is 1,600 ft. Above the break in the cliff, where it makes its first drop, the stream courses down in a series of rapids and cascades from its source in Lake Quill. If these are taken into account, the Sutherland will probably represent a total fall of over 2,000 ft.

The first and only man to scale the awful parapet over which the waterfall pours was a daring young surveyor named William Quill, who climbed it in 1890 and discovered the glacier-fed lake which now bears his name. Less than a year afterwards he met a lonely death while exploring the rugged country between the head of Lake Wakatipu and Milford Sound.

THE ARTHUR VALLEY AND LAKE ADA.

The last section of the journey to Milford is thirteen miles down the valley of the Arthur, either crossing Lake Ada by boat or walking along its shores, then by launch two miles to Sutherland's accommodation-house at the head of the Sound.

For some miles the beautiful bush track from the Quintin Huts closely follows the Arthur River, divinely clear and overhung by an interwoven canopy of foliage and flowers. In places the river flows in long, calm, shimmering reaches, broken only by the leap of the trout or the ripples from the disporting water-fowl; in others it zigzags down over great boulders in wild snowy rapids, which form charming water-pictures as seen through the arches of the trees. On the right are the lofty buttresses of Mount Elliott, broken into snowy summits;

on the left are Mount Edgar (6,370 ft.) and the impregnable heights of the Danger Mountains, their sides all deeply green and dripping with the mists. The track follows down the eastern bank of the Arthur River for some six miles beyond the Falls huts. The river

IN THE BEECH WOODS.
ON THE MILFORD TRACK, ARTHUR VALLEY

is then crossed by means of a cage running on a wire rope or by boat. Thence the route is along the western side until Lake Ada is reached.

THE BELL ROCK CASCADE.

The Bell Rock Cascade is seen on the left shortly after crossing the Arthur. Mackay's Creek (named after Sutherland's fellow-pioneer) comes tumbling down from the mountains in haste to show us the most enchantingly beautiful of all the cascades in this land of a myriad waterfalls. The stream descends some hundreds of feet in a succession of leaps, and, just below the principal cataract, it is crossed by a foot-bridge, resting midway on a huge and mossy boulder, round which the waters plunge tumultuously. The exquisite whiteness of the whirling water against the green background of forest, the fairy-land of tree-ferns on the banks, the richly mossed and enamelled rocks—grey, and emerald, and crimson, and vivid gold—that strew the bed of the stream compose a scene of unimaginable loveliness. It is useless to photograph it. The charm of the whole picture lies in its colouring. For the landscape artist there is no daintier bit of waterfall scenery.

The cascade takes its name from a remarkable hollow rock which lies just across the creek, a few yards from the bridge. Outwardly it is a great solid boulder, overgrown with ferns and shrubs. On the side

of the rock next the falls there is a low, cavernous opening. Stooping, you enter it and find yourself in a huge bell-like cavity, 10 ft. high and affording room for several persons to stand upright. The rock evidently once stood in the river-bed, the receptacle for one of the falls. The combined force of the water and the ceaseless grinding of smaller boulders hollowed it out into this great cup; then it was in some erratic fashion washed or rolled down to its present position, and upended by the river-bank, a monument to the marvellous power and precision of Nature's stone-cutting agencies.

Resuming the journey Soundwards, the Arthur River is closely followed for a short distance, to the boat-landing near the head of Lake Ada. From the head of Lake Ada the pedestrian has the alternative of continuing the journey on foot or rowing four miles across Lake Ada. On the seaward trip travellers are recommended to keep to the walking-track and make the return journey *via* Lake Ada, as the walking towards the Sounds is easier than on the return. Those who elect to go by boat both ways will miss a very fine sight—the Giant's Gate Waterfall, a cataract plunging 200 ft. clear into a deep pool close to the tack. The stream issues from a tremendous defile, densely wooded are walled by lofty mountains; its birthplace is in the snows of the Terror Peaks.

ARTHUR VALLEY, NEAR THE HEAD OF MILFORD SOUND.
(MOUNT SHEERDOWN ON THE RIGHT; DARRAN RANGE IN THE DISTANCE.)

Lake Ada is glorified by the great mountains that surround it on every side, by the rich green woods that fold it in, and by its marvellous shadow-pictures. Every snowy peak, every blue range and verdurous hill, every cloud, and every mist-bank are "painted on its glassy floor." On the right hand are the Sheerdown Mountains, shooting 3,000 ft. to 4,000 ft. precipitously above the lake—an awesome rampart of eternal granite, seamed by the silver of many waterfalls. On the left the Terror Peaks, a wild uplift of broken crags, with the fantastically named Devil's Arm-chair—a sharp and frosty throne indeed, perched high in cloudland and cushioned with the never-melting snows.

THE DEVIL'S ARMCHAIR
(FROM THE ARTHUR VALLEY).

The shores of Lake Ada were possibly the last habitat of the lost tribe Ngatimamoe. Traces of these fugitive children of the mist were found here as lately as 1872. In that year Kupa Haereroa and a number of other Maoris from Colac Bay, Southland, came round to Milford on one of their sealing expeditions. Leaving their sealing-boats at the head of the Sound, they explored the valley of the Arthur and went eel-fishing on this lonely lake. At first they imagined they were the first to break into this great wilderness, but soon after leaving their

LAKE ADA.

boat at the mouth of the Arthur they were astonished to discover thr prints of naked feet in the mud beneath a cliff. They inspected the mysterious impressions as intently as Robinson Crusoe did the foc print on the sand, and on their way up the defile kept a careful wat for any other trace that would put them on the trail of the suppos Ngatimamoe. On the shores of Lake Ada they found in several plac indications that primitive man had had his habitation there. Unc overhanging rocks they came upon deserted sleeping-places surround by rows of stones, and ashes of cooking-fires. At one of these cam there was a separate and smaller sleeping-place, indicated by ston arranged in an oblong shape, somewhat apart from the other qua ters. Kupa remarked to his companions, "That must have been tl bed of the chief." But this was all, and with the exception of a numb of battered adze-heads of nephrite that Sutherland discovered wh clearing the site for his home on the Sound, no trace has since be found of the vanished tribe.

Lake Ada abounds with brown trout of large size. Some years a a visitor fishing from a small gravelly beach near the seaward end

the lake landed in less than an hour fourteen splendid fish, weighing up to 2½ lb.; much heavier trout have since been caught.

From the boat-landing at the foot of Lake Ada there is a walk of two miles through the bush and along the rapid-whitened Arthur River, by an excellent road, to Sandfly Point, at the head of Milford Sound. Here there is an iron hut, connected by telephone with Sutherland's accommodation-house two miles away. In answer to the ring the Milford pioneer's launch will shortly be seen rounding the point, and soon thereafter the traveller will find himself enjoying a good dinner in a surprisingly cosy little home, close to the spot where the hermit of the Sound pitched his lonely tent in 1876.

Sutherland's house occupies a beautiful position on a partially cleared flat at the Sound-head, commanding a grand view of Mitre Peak, Pembroke Peak and Glacier, the Lion Rock, and other great sights of Milford. Just on the right, but hidden from the house by a wooded spur, is the Bowen Fall.

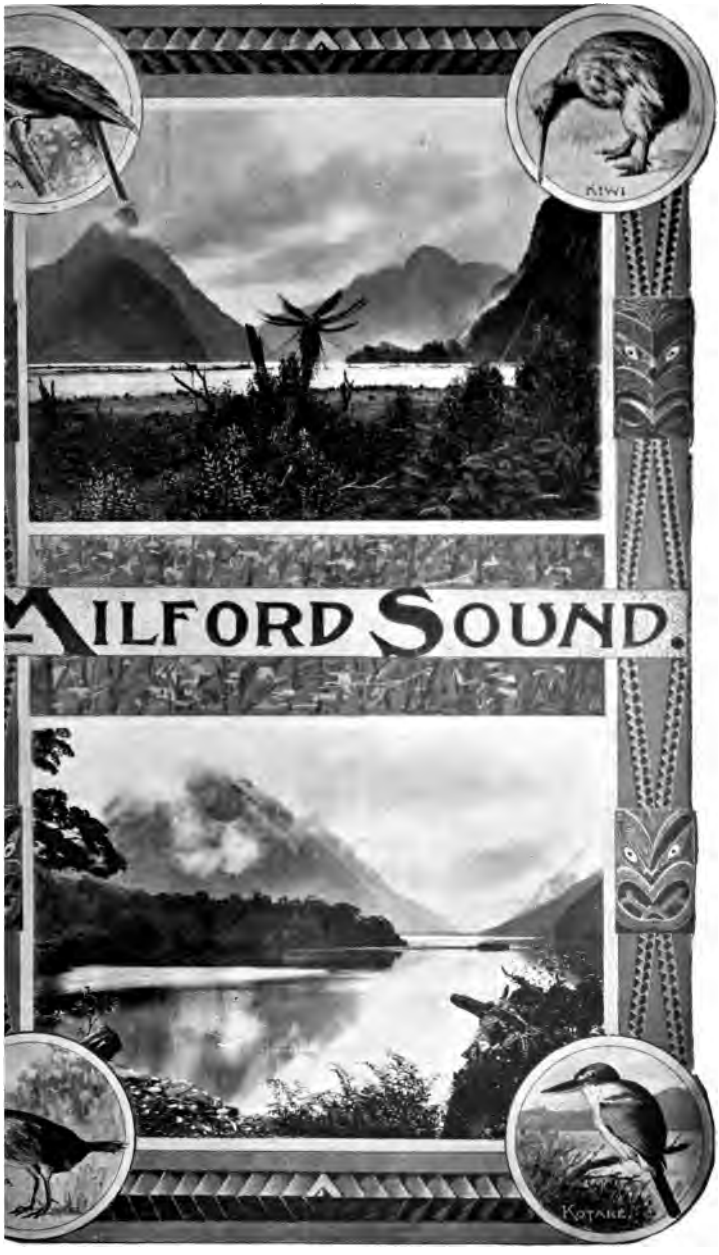
(Tariff at Sutherland's, 10s. per day. Oil-launch hire, 10s. per day per head.)

Milford Sound.

THE gigantic scenery of South New Zealand reaches its culminating point in Milford Sound. It is the crowning glory of Fiordland. Here the mountains are the highest and steepest on the coast, and the waters are the deepest. The loftiest sea-cliffs in the world are those to be seen here—cliffs which sink so straightly to the fiord-bottom that there is no anchorage within even a few feet of their gloomy walls. Mighty mountains of granite rise to dizzy altitudes above the Sound, their pinnacles white with perpetual snow and glinting with great glaciers. The perpendicular palisades of rock that confine the narrow waterway are awful in their tremendous bulk, the embodiment of overwhelming power and eternal stability.

So huge has Nature builded here that the mind is at first utterly powerless to grasp the dimensions of things. You are told that a cliff is nearly a mile in absolute vertical height above your head, that a single leap of a waterfall is more than five hundred feet, but the cliff is overshadowed by the still mightier mountain-mass behind it, and the waterfall seems but a puny streak of white against the enormous rock from which it springs. It is some time before the eye accustoms itself to this strange and wonderful place, and begins to give the several features of the landscape their true value and proportion.

A place of magnificent gloom is often one's first impression of Milford, particularly if it be entered from seaward; a spot beyond description wild and forbidding, where the giant cliffs shut out the day, and cast their deep shadows from side to side of the cañon-like fiord. The clouds are always drifting round the dark mountains, and it is an eerie thing to gaze up and up and see far above you, and far above the cloud-belts and the torn and trailing mists, the castled piles of granite apparently about to fall, so imminently fearful do they


KIWI
MILFORD SOUND.
KOTARE

tower above the Sound. But when once the traveller from without passes the lofty sea-gates and enters the lake-like inner expanse, his sensations of awe are quickly merged in unspeakable delight at the wondrous plentitude and tropic richness of the vegetation, the flashing of the countless waterfalls, and the gorgeous flush of colour which bathes winding fiord and deep ravine and climbing woods.

A pure white glacier sparkles in diamond-points at the head of a green valley; snowy cascades curve gracefully out from dark cliffy notches, and drop in pulsing showers of silver to the Sound. Pines, beeches, rata and other beautiful flowering trees, tall and graceful tree-ferns with their feathery plumes, and waving titoi palms densely clothe the shores wherever they can gain a foothold; green shrubs climb the steep and dripping walls of rock to the sky-line, the trailing kiekie with its long sword-leaves thickly borders the straight water-edge; the vertical precipices, watered by the countless runnels that continuously trickle from the mountain-tops, are coated with cool and dewy mosses of brilliant hue, and every interstice holds a sweet and trembling fern. So closely allied are the tenderly beautiful and the sternly grand in this wildest corner of our wild Fiordland.

Milford Sound is the northernmost of the great fiord-systems that break the south-west coast. Inconsiderable in length as compared with Dusky or Doubtful Sound—it is ten miles from head to ocean-mouth—it surpasses them all in sheer boldness of contour. In its most restricted part, between Mitre Peak and "The Palisades" of the Kimberley Range, it barely exceeds a quarter of a mile in width, and the cliffs are from 3,000 ft. to 5,000 ft. in perpendicular height. There are no arms or branch-fiords; the Sound, after rounding out at its head into circular basins with low and wooded margins, terminates abruptly at the foot of the Sheerdown Heights, a perpendicular wall equalling if not surpassing Mitre Peak and the Lion Rock in indomitable grimness of front. Like the other Sounds and the Alpine lakes, Milford occupies the bed of an enormous glacier of the great ice age. The story of its past is to be read in the smoothly polished face of the escarpments that once confined the mighty mass of ice, slowly heaving seawards in a solid frozen river, which was in places far more than a thousand feet in depth. The greatest ascertained depth of the fiord is 1,284 ft.—a sounding obtained near the narrowest part, in the vicinity of the Stirling Fall. In other places, depths of 200 fathoms and 180 fathoms with no bottom have been recorded.

On the northern side of the fiord, about three miles beyond the wooded valley of Harrison Cove, is Pembroke Peak, rising to a height of 6,700 ft., with a large glacier showing on its south-eastern face. On the opposite side of the Sound the highest elevations are the bold Llawrenny Peaks, over 6,000 ft. The most remarkable of the cliffs which immediately border the fiord are the sharp-topped Mitre Peak,

Muir and Moodie, photo., Dunedin.] MILFORD SOUND, AND MITRE PEAK.

SUTHERLAND'S ACCOMMODATION-HOUSE, MILFORD SOUND.

shooting up abruptly on the southern shore to a height of 5,560 ft., and the Lion Rock, the terminal spur of Mount Kimberley, and the outliers of the Darran Mountains, which on the northern shore fall so suddenly to the immensely deep waters as to apparently lean over them. The highest peak in the Milford region is Mount Tutoko (a Maori word signifying a straight and precipitous mountain, a "sky prop"), which attains an altitude of 9,042 ft. The summit of Tutoko is not actually visible from the Sound, because of the intervening heights it stands nearly north of the head of the fiord, and its fine glacier which descends to an unusually low level, may be seen by walking from Sutherland's up the Cleddau Valley, and then along the Tutoko Stream. Its terminal face is about eight miles from the head of the Sound.

The most remarkable of what may be called the "permanent" waterfalls of Milford is the singularly beautiful Bowen Fall. Cascading down from a wooded cleft in the frontal height of the Darran Range at the head of the Sound, it first of all hurls itself down on to a ledge of granite rock in which it has worn a deep basin. The force of the impact sends it shooting up again 50 ft. into the air, then describing

a wonderful parabolic curve it falls 540 ft., to the level of the fiord. There is a track from Sutherland's up to the top of the Fall. Second in point of height is the lovely Stirling Fall, issuing suddenly from a ravine in the perpendicular side of the Kimberley Range, and thundering 500 ft. in an unbroken plunge to the deep waters of the Sound.

Cruising down the Sound, when the clouds are clearing after a heavy fall of rain, the face of the mountains is like fairyland. No longer grim and black and fearful, the cliffs are laced everywhere with the streaming silver of cloud-born cascades. Emerging from the mists sometimes half a mile or more overhead these waterfalls pour flashing to the Sound, turning whirling somersaults where they strike projecting rock-shelves, until they dash with a final desperate splash into the dark fiord. Sometimes they are dissipated in fine spray long before they reach the water.

A strange spectacle in Daggs Sound, a small fiord south of Milford, was thus described by Commander G. H. Richards, of H.M.S. "Acheron," when surveying these Sounds in 1851 :—

A remarkable scene occurred during our stay in this Sound. Our anchorage was at the head of the Northern Arm, a cable's length from the shore, in 12 fathoms. The change of the moon brought a north-west gale, with heavy rain,

A WINTER VIEW OF MITRE PEAK, MILFORD SOUND.

and in the course of a few hours no less than fourteen magnificent cascades pouring down the steep sides of the mountains (upwards of 3,000 ft. high which we were surrounded, bringing with them trees of considerable size an other obstructions met with in their passage. The effect was as if a heavy were breaking round the vessel; the mist, floating as low as our mast-he occasionally obscured everything but the sides of the mountains and the f below, and produced altogether a scene as grand as it is possible to conc This lasted without abating in any degree for two days, when the water along which had been as salt as the ocean, was for a considerable depth below the sur perfectly fresh.

This phenomenon frequently occurs on an even grander scal Milford, where the mountains are loftier and the catchment greater. In Freshwater Basin, at the Sound-head, backed by 4,000 ft. heights of Mount Sheerdown, the surface water is quite after an unusually heavy rainfall, so immense is the volume of flood poured into it from the mountain-tops.

The Waters of Greenstone.

Te Wai-pounamu ("The Waters of Greenstone") the Ma call the South Island, and Milford Sound is one of the localities w justify the name. Near the termination of the long western spu Mitre Peak, close to Anita Bay, in the vicinity of the Sound-mo there is an outcropping belt of nephrite, a comparatively soft var

IN THE VALLEY OF THE CLEDDAU.

[illegible] and Moodie, photo.] NORTHERN SIDE OF MILFORD SOUND. [Dunedin.

IN THE LEFT ARE THE LION ROCK AND THE KIMBERLEY PEAKS; IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE, HARRISON COVE; BEYOND, PEMBROKE PEAK AND GLACIER.

of the green jade-stone peculiar to the West Coast. This nephrite is known to the Maoris as *tangi-wai*. Although not so much sought after by the Natives of past generations for the purpose of making weapons and ornaments as the other and harder kinds of *pounamu*, it is a beautiful stone when polished, with the translucency of amber or the clearest of kauri-gum. Long ago the nephrite reef was known to the Maoris; in fact, its discovery is described in figurative fashion in the legend of Tama-ki-te-Rangi (the captain of the Tairea canoe, one of the early Polynesian "pilgrim ships" from the South Sea Islands), which dates back for, perhaps, six centuries. Tama's wives had deserted him, and he searched for them all along this forbidding coast, from Cook Strait southwards to Piopiotahi (Milford). The flax-like kiekie (*Freycinetia banksii*), which fringes the fiord for miles, sprang, according to legend, from the shreds of Tama's shoulder-mat, torn off in his forest travels. Here he found one of his *wahines*, but she had been turned into greenstone, and as Tama wept over her

his tears flowed so copiously that they penetrated the very rock. This is why the greenstone found on the slopes of Mitre Peak is called *tangi-wai* (the water of weeping, or tear-water). If you take a clear piece of this stone and hold it up to the light you will sometimes see marks like water-drops in it. This is the true *tangi-wai*, for these are the tears of Tama-ki-te-Rangi.

Muir & Moodie,] THE BOWEN FALL (540 ft.). [photo, f

The first recorded shipment of greenstone made from the West Coast in European times was in 1842. Fox Point, the outer headland of Anita Bay, bears the name of the skipper of the pioneer *pounamu* schooner. It was so christened by the captain of H.M. surveying-ship "Acheron," after Captain Henry T. Fox, of Sydney, who in 1842 commanded the schooner "Royal Mail" on a voyage from Milford Sound to Manila (Philippine Islands) with a part-cargo of greenstone. The history of this shipment of *pounamu* is rather curious. About the year 1830, Captain Dacre, one of the early traders engaged in the traffic between New Zealand and Sydney, obtained a greenstone *mere* (a sharp-edged club used in hand-to-hand combats) from a Maori in the North Island, and made inquiries as to where the stone was to be found. Some years afterwards he was in Manila, where some Filipino merchants got sight of his beautiful *mere*, and eagerly questioned him as to where the mineral was to be obtained. There was a great demand for jade in China, and they offered £500 per ton for all Captain Dacre could bring. The captain sold the weapon for a large price, and returning to Sydney fitted out the "Royal Mail," and des-

THE TITAN OF SEA-CLIFFS.

FIVE THOUSAND FEET OF MITRE PEAK.

patched her to the west coast of New Zealand. She lay in for several weeks, while the greenstone-miners were away at some distance to the northward. About 2 tons of greenst obtained, and taken to Manila, but the shipment was not a p one, as this p kind of *pounc* found to be small black which made marketable in

Maori can in later tim boats, cruised tances aroun coasts for the of obtaining gr The last Maor tion in boats t for *tangi-wai* w the year 187 grinding - dow shaping of b *pounamu* into other weapo tools, neck - p and ear-ornam a long and work, and th lapidaries spe months, and s years, in the ture of a go The blocks we the desired means of sha of quartzos worked to anc saws, while w poured in the sandstone was the grinding-d rubbing proc the holes in and pendant made with a drill, which wa

Muir and Moodie, photo,] [Dunedin.

THE STIRLING FALL (500 ft.).

Guy, photo,] THE ENTRANCE TO MILFORD SOUND. [Dunedin.

with a piece of *kiripaka* (quartz flint). Various *karakia* or incantations were repeated by the Maor stone-cutters as they worked. This short charm was universally repeated as a labour-l ghtener by the Natives of Murihiku when sawing blocks of *pounamu* :—

Ko haruru tai e !
E tu teitei e !
Tangaroa, ripiripia.
Tangaroa, haehaea.
Tangaroa, wawahia.

(O thundering seas !
O lofty mountain-waves !
O Tangaroa ! aid.
Tangaroa, cut it open.
Tangaroa, split it open.)

The ocean-god Tangaroa—the Maori Neptune—is here invoked as the god of the *pounamu.*

A reference to the greenstone as the sacred stone of the sea-god (*te whatu-kura a Tangaroa*) is contained in a classic *oriori* or lullaby-song of Murihiku, in which a father while nursing his little daughter chants the age-old story of the *pounamu*, the "shining, glistening,

lightning-flashing treasure-stone of Tangaroa," and goes on in sy bolic language to sing the epic of the axe—

> " This glittering axe of *pounamu*
> Will fell the forest-trees ;
> 'T will surely slay
> The dragons of dark woods ;
> 'T will lowly lay
> The lofty sons of Tane.*
>
> Prone now lies the totara,
> The child of Mumuwhango.
> From its proud trunk
> We'll hew canoes
> To paddle o'er the seas.
> O little maid ! "

* Tane : The god of the forests. The trees are " Tane's children."

In the old days many a whale-ship made rendezvous in Anit Bay, for wood and water. There was a clearing of considerable siz here ; the site is still distinguished from the higher forest by the ligh green growth of hinahina (the South Island variety of mahoe—*Mel cytus ramifloris*) and other small trees, *Senecios*, flowering veronica the mamaku tree-fern, and titoi palms. A Maori camp once stoc near the beach, and there was a track over the hills at the back Transit Beach, on the open coast

Piopiotahi, originally the name of the greenstone beach at Ani Bay, is now applied by the Maoris to the whole Sound. The Southe Maoris also sometimes speak of the Sound under the name of Whak tipu-wai-tai (" Salt-water Whakatipu "), because of its suppos general resemblance to Lake Wakatipu. Whakatipu-wai-tai is, ho ever, more properly the name of Lake McKerrow (sometimes call Lake Kakapo), on the route between the head of Wakatipu and Marti Bay.

Sounds South of Milford.

THE fiords which indent the West Coast south of Milford are thirteen in number. Of these the seven largest are usually visited, the remainder not possessing any distinctive characteristic. These seven fiords, south to north, are Preservation Inlet, Chalky Inlet, Dusky Sound, Breaksea Sound, Doubtful Sound, Thompson Sound, and George Sound. All are surrounded by very high and precipitous mountains, and the water is very deep and clear. The forest grows close down to the water's edge, and in many places overhangs it, so that vessels frequently moor to the trees. In most of the Sounds there are beautiful islets, all thickly wooded, and everywhere there are mountain torrents and waterfalls. Fish swarm in all these sheltered waters—red and blue cod, trumpeter, trevalli, mullet, groper—and afford splendid sport.

The following is a table of steaming-distances between the chief places of interest, anchorage to anchorage :—

	Miles.
Bluff Harbour to Cuttle Cove, Preservation Inlet	85
Cuttle Cove to Long Sound (head of Preservation)	15
Cuttle Cove to Head of Dusky Sound	50
Dusky Sound to Wet Jacket Arm	19
Wet Jacket Arm to Hall's Arm (head of Doubtful Sound) ..	49
Hall's Arm to George Sound	59
George Sound to Milford Sound	43
Milford Sound to Bluff, direct	217

The distances between the Sounds are so short that the excursionist is but a comparatively short time in the open ocean, and every night may be spent at a quiet anchorage in some lake-like cove.

PRESERVATION INLET.

Visiting the Sounds by sea from Port Chalmers or the Bluff, the first place reached is Preservation Inlet (Rakituma), once a great whaling-rendezvous. Passing Puysegur Point lighthouse, the steamer rounds up into a lovely sheet of island-dotted water, anchoring for the night in Cuttle Cove, a perfectly sheltered bay, surrounded by thickly forested slopes. Thence the voyage is continued by a very narrow channel into Long Sound, fourteen miles in length, a winding fiord of very deep water, in some places only half a mile wide, and surrounded by wooded mountains over 4,000 ft. in height. At the head of the fiord there is a fine waterfall.

The small township of Oneroa ("Long Beach") is seen on the eastern side of the Inlet. A historic spot in Preservation Inlet is Matauira Island, the site of the last fortified village of the Ngatimamoe Tribe; it was captured by the Ngatikuri and Ngaitahu in the latter half of the eighteenth century. On the invaders' side, one of the most redoubtable of the Ngaitahu warriors, a Samson-like chief named Tarewai, was killed. He was of great stature and herculean strength, and his favourite weapon was a huge club made from part of the jaw-bone of a sperm-whale. A curious stratagem, often employed in Maori warfare, was successfully practised on the Ngatimamoe on the shores of the Inlet. A Ngatikuri chief named Maru, dressed in a rough *pokeka* or cloak of toi-leaves, acted the part of a seal gamboling on the beach in the early morning, and succeeded in decoying the Mamoe down on the sands, armed only with their cutting-knives of obsidian. Their concealed enemies suddenly rushed upon them, cut them off from their fort, and slew nearly all. The few survivors fled in the direction of Dusky Sound. Some of the Ngatikuri pursued them even there, and finally, it is said, made peace with some of the fugitives and intermarried with the last of the Ngatimamoe.

CHALKY (OR DARK CLOUD) INLET.

This Sound is divided from Preservation Inlet by a mountainous tongue of land, nearly 4,000 ft. in height. Chalky Island, so named from its white cliffs, marks the entrance. Its Maori name is Te Kakahu-o-Tamatea ("Tamatea's Garment"). The Inlet runs in for eight miles and a half from the island, with a width of a mile and a half; it then divides into two arms, one of which, Edwardson's Sound, trends to the north six miles, and the other, Cunaris Sound, to the east for five miles.

DUSKY SOUND.

This beautiful fiord, or rather system of fiords, is in some respects the most interesting of all the Sounds. It is about twenty-two miles in length from ocean to head, and is cut up into a multitude of arms, coves, and island-sprinkled reaches. Near Sealers' Cove, on Anchor Island, close to the southern entrance to the Sound, there are over forty islets within the radius of a mile. Everywhere the shores and islands are richly wooded ; this is the paradise of the botanist.

ir and Moodie,] WET JACKET ARM, NEAR DUSKY SOUND. [photo, Dunedin.

Resolution Island (Taumoana), one of the State sanctuaries for the preservation of New Zealand's indigenous avifauna, separates Dusky from Breaksea Sound, immediately to the north. It is about fifty square miles in area, and is the home of great numbers of kiwi, tokoweka, kakapo, and other birds. Mr. Richard Henry is the Government custodian of the island. He is an enthusiastic naturalist—the Gilbert White of Fiordland—and has written some exceedingly interesting accounts of bird-life in the Sounds. He lives a hermit-like existence in a beautiful little spot on Pigeon Island.

Historically, Dusky is the most interesting spot on the West Coast. It was discovered in 1770 by Captain Cook, who on his return to New Zealand in 1773, spent six weeks at anchor in the Sound, repairing his exploring-ship (the "Resolution") and refreshing his crew. He lay in Pickersgill Harbour (named after the first lieutenant of the ship), on the south side, where he moored head and stern so close to the shore as to reach it with a stage. The trees so overhung the ship here that her yards and the branches interlocked. The site of Cook's clearing on a hill above the cove is still plainly to be traced. While here he carefully surveyed the Sound, and made friends with a small hapu of Natives whom he found living on an island which he called "Indian Island," just to the north of Pickersgill Harbour.

Captain Cook and the naturalist of his expedition (Mr. Foster) have placed on record interesting accounts of these Maoris, who were at first very reluctant to board the ship. The chief, before venturing on board the strange canoe of the white men, "took a small green branch in his hand, and struck the ship's side several times, repeating a speech or prayer. When this was over he threw the branch into the main chains and came on board." These Maoris have generally been considered to have been Ngatimamoe fugitives, but no doubt some of them were Ngatikuri, with, perhaps, Ngatimamoe wives, the spoils of war. The names of Maru, Te Ao-paraki, and a woman named Ki-mai-waho are handed down to this day amongst the Murihiku Natives as those of the three principal inhabitants of Dusky at that time, and who, it is believed, were amongst the Maoris of whom Cook speaks. Maru is considered to be the chief who went on board the "Resolution," and who presented Cook with a greenstone axe and a whalebone club, receiving in return several hatchets and other articles. It was he who had played the seal so successfully on the beach at Preservation, and who pursued the remnant of Ngatimamoe round the coast to Dusky in his canoe.

In 1791 Vancouver (who had been a midshipman in Cook's ship) visited Dusky Sound as commander of H.M.S. "Discovery," with a consort, H.M.S. "Chatham." The first sealing-gang in New Zealand waters was landed in 1792 at Facile Harbour, on Resolution Island, by the ship "Britannia," of Sydney. In this harbour there are the sunken remains of an historic ship, the "Endeavour" (Captain Bampton), a teak-built East Indiaman of 800 tons, which was abandoned here, leaky, in 1795. In Dusky, too, was built the first European vessel in New Zealand—the "Providence," a small craft constructed by the Britannia's sealing-party, and finished by the crew of the "Endeavour," some of whom sailed for Norfolk Island in her after the abandonment of their unseaworthy ship, while others were taken away by a vessel called the "Fancy," and some of the remainder decked the ship's long-boat and daringly navigated the stormy Tasman

ea in her. The "Endeavour" had come from Sydney, and was on voyage to India, and some of her passengers were time-expired and scaped convicts from Botany Bay, who had stowed away. They ere landed at Norfolk Island (then a penal station) after being taken way from Dusky.

Dusky Sound is one of the wettest places on the wet West Coast. uring the year ending 31st March, 1906, the rainfall at Pigeon sland, as registered by Mr. Henry, totalled 202·86 inches, or nearly eventeen feet.

BREAKSEA SOUND.

The entrance to this Sound, immediately north of Resolution Isnd, is marked by Breaksea Island (Huruhuru-koekoea—"Cuckooathers"). Breaksea and Dusky Sounds are connected by a very ep and narrow passage named after H.M.S. "Acheron," whose

, photo. Dunedin.] BREAKSEA SOUND.

officers surveyed the Sounds in 1851. It is eight miles long and half a mile wide, separating Resolution Island from the mainland, and is confined on either hand by precipitous wooded mountains 3,000 ft. to 4,000 ft. in height. Half-way through the passage, on the western side, is Wet Jacket Arm, one of the most beautiful fiords on the coast, particularly celebrated for the number and magnitude of its cascades after rain. The arm is six miles in length, and one-third of a mile wide. There is anchorage at its head. Breaksea Sound is narrow, with a number of small islets further restricting the passage, and divides into two arms, Broughton and Vancouver, stretching into the mountains, fourteen miles from the mouth of the Sound. The water is of great depth; a sounding of 1,700 ft. was obtained near the northern shore.

DOUBTFUL SOUND.

Doubtful Sound, with its long winding arms and countless coves and bays, is one of the most beautiful pleasure cruising-grounds on the New Zealand coast. The sheltered inner coast-line of Doubtful and the fiords connected with it is estimated at about a hundred miles, and one might voyage for a week in and out of the labyrinth of harbours and landlocked nooks and round about the wooded islands, and each

day discover something new. The principal arms are Smith Sound, Crooked Sound, and Hall's Arm. At the extreme head of the fiord is Deep Cove, some twenty-two miles from the ocean. On the shore of Deep Cove there is a Government hut for the accommodation of travellers; a good whaleboat is kept here. A track leads through the mountains to the head of Lake Manapouri (ten miles and three-quarters). Close to the hut is a very fine waterfall, the Glory Fall, about 700 ft. in height. The scenery in Hall's Arm is extremely fine; one of the islets (Rolla Island) is covered with crimson rata-blossoms in midsummer. This part of the Sound is very narrow, in places not more than a quarter of a mile in width. An interesting historical reminiscence of Doubtful Sound is the visit of the Spanish navigator Malaspina, commanding the corvettes "Descubierta" and "Atrevida," in 1793. The Spanish narrative of this expedition—not hitherto published in English—was recently unearthed by the Hon. R. McNab, M.H.R., and is detailed in his book "Murihiku: Some Old-time Events," which deals largely with the early visits to these Sounds. Bauza Island, just within the entrance to Doubtful, was named after one of Malaspina's officers, who was sent in with an armed boat's crew to reconnoitre the [illegible]

THOMPSON SOUND.

This fine fiord joins Doubtful at the southern end of Secretary Island, whose mountainous bulk forms its western wall; vessels accordingly pass out of Doubtful to the north by way of Thompson Sound. The Sound is ten miles in length. Bradshaw Arm (twelve

Guy, photo, Dunedin.] DEAS COVE, THOMPSON SOUND.

miles), running eastwards from the junction of Thompson and Doubtful, is celebrated for its extremely grand scenery—precipitous mountain-cliffs, feathery woods, and innumerable waterfalls. Mount Grosnoz, on Secretary Island, towering over Thompson Sound on the west, is 4,360 ft. in height.

GEORGE SOUND

NANCY, CHARLES, AND CASWELL SOUNDS.

These fiords, close to each other, a short distance north of Thomson, are seldom visited. Nancy Sound is eight miles in length, very narrow at the entrance, and opening out within to about three-quarters of a mile. At its head is a stony beach, overlooked by Saddleback Peak (4,250 ft.). Charles Sound is seven miles long and averages half a mile in width. Caswell is nine miles long, with a very narrow entrance and an average width of half a mile; mountains of over 4,000 ft. wall it in.

GEORGE SOUND.

This is a very beautiful fiord, ten miles in length from ocean to head, and nearly a mile in width for the first seven miles. Several rivers flow into it, and there are lovely waterfalls. The densely wooded shores range up to 5,000 ft. in height. Lake Alice, a very pretty sheet of forest-bordered water, is a short distance by an easy track from the head of the Sound; there is a boat on the lake. From here there is a track overland to the head of the Middle Fiord of Lake Te Anau. Many interesting bush rambles can be undertaken, and there is the best of fishing; blue cod, butterfish, trumpeter, trevalli, crayfish, &c., are exceedingly abundant. Near the south-west side of the Sound there is reported to be a very remarkable sight, discovered many years ago by two Maori sealers from Colac Bay, but so far as is known not yet visited by Europeans. The Natives moored their cutter to the trees within the mouth of a river which flowed into the Sound on this side, and being short of food started up the valley through which the stream ran, hunting for weka and kakapo. They came to a grand waterfall of 200 ft. or 300 ft. in height, tumbling in great volume over a cliff. Scrambling up the sides of the cliff they saw the river boiling out of a chasm in the heart of a mountainous rock; and surmounting this height they found that they stood on a great natural bridge, under which the river dived. Many equally strange sights will no doubt be discovered as time goes on and this region of Nature's huge freaks becomes more thoroughly explored.

Muir and Moodie,] AT THE HEAD OF GEORGE SOUND. [photo, Dunedin.

.... BLIGH SOUND. ....

This fiord, named after the commander of the celebrated ship "Bounty," is very seldom visited. It lies six miles north of George Sound, and is guarded by wild precipitous mountains upwards of 5,000 ft. in height. The Sound has three reaches, with steep-to shores. At its head is Bounty Haven, into which a considerable stream empties. The scenery is exceedingly bold, but there is no special feature differentiating the Sound from the other fiords.

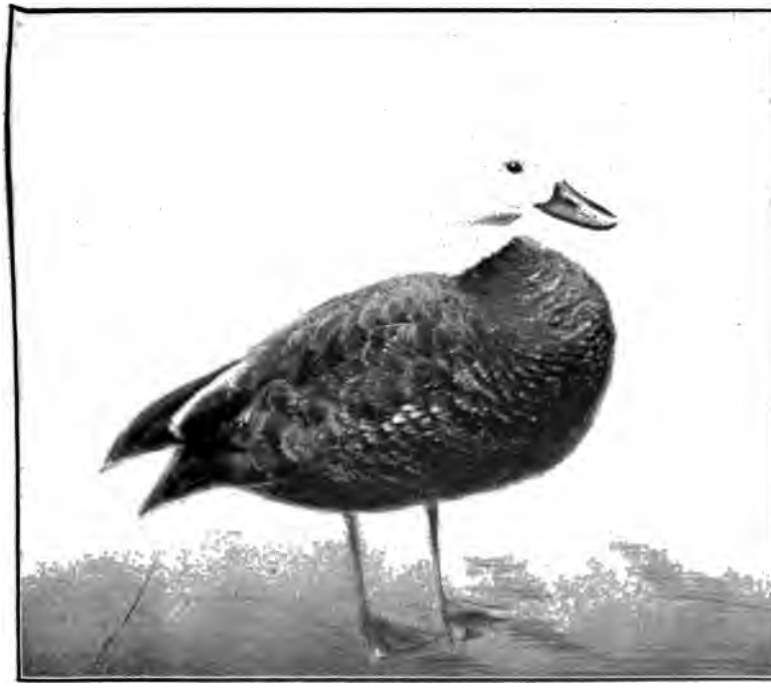
The Fauna of Fiordland.

NO part of New Zealand is so rich in interesting forms of bir life as the dense wet forests of Fiordland. About fif species of native birds have been noted on the tra between Te Anau and Milford. The flightless feather creatures of this region include six species, of which t amusing and mischievous weka (wood-hen) is the mo numerous. There are two members of the remarkable apter family, the kiwi and the tokoweka, both practically wingless a tailless, with soft furry plumage, and long straight beaks. Th are of nocturnal habits, and though plentiful are seldom se unless the traveller is on a prolonged camping-tour. The tokowe (or roa) is a large brown kiwi, with a longer beak than the ordina grey-plumaged kiwi.

The kakapo or large ground-parrot (*Stringops habroptilus*), whi has become extinct in the North Island, is a denizen of Fiordlan its numbers are unfortunately decreasing. Its head and face are di tinctly owl-like, and it is, in fact, a connecting link between the ow and parrots. It hides all day, and only comes out at sunset and night; its name, "kaka-po," means a "night-parrot." The Mao were accustomed to hunt it at night, with dogs and torches.

Reference has been made in the chapter on Lake Te Anau to t rare flightless takahea (*Notornis mantelli*). The last known specim of this bird, captured in 1898, is now to be seen in the Dunedin Museu The bird (a young one) is 20 in. in height and 18 in. in length, with very strong and peculiarly arched red bill, red legs, and short win useless for purposes of flight but armed below the carpal point with sharp spur or claw. The plumage is a beautiful purplish blue on t

YOUNG KAKA PARROTS.



PARADISE DUCK (PUTANGITANGI).

TOKOWEKA, OR ROA
(THE LARGE BROWN KIWI, *Apteryx australis*).

head and fore-neck, breast, and side; the back is a rich olive green. In general appearance it is a large pukeko or swamp-hen, with aborted wings. The first known specimen of the Notornis was caught by a party of sealers at Dusky Sound in 1842. This and another, also caught in Dusky, are now in the British Museum.

Of the singing-birds, the tui or parson-bird (*Prosthemadera novæzealandiæ*) is the most frequently heard. The melodious bell-bird (*Anthornis melanura*) abounds; it is known in the North Island as the korimako, but is called by the Southern Natives makomako, or more commonly koparapara. The merry trilling note of the little riroriro or grey warbler is heard nearly everywhere, but particularly on the sunny fringes of the bush. It is often mentioned in the songs and stories of that keen nature-student the Maori. An old ditty says:

Tangi e te riroriro,
He tohu o te raumati;
Taua tahi te haereere.

(Singing is the riroriro,
A sign of summer days;
And we'll saunter off together.)

Of migrants there are two pretty and interesting birds, the pipiwharauroa (shining cuckoo — *Chrysococcyx lucidus*) and the koekoea or koheperoa (long-tailed cuckoo — *Eudynamis*

PIPIWHARAUROA, OR SHINING CUCKOO.

taitensis). The pipiwharauroa winters in Australia and New Guinea, and the koekoea in the South Sea Islands. They arrive in New Zealand about October. Like the English cuckoo, the pipiwharauroa is regarded as the harbinger of spring; it is called by the Maoris the *Manu a Maui* (Maui's Bird), because it reminds them that

SHOVELLER, OR SPOONBILL DUCKS.

the food-planting season has come, Maui being the tutelary deity of the gardens and cultivations. Its sweet and oft-repeated notes are heard most frequently around the sea-shore and in the coppices which compose the outer fringes of the forest, and are sometimes interpreted by the Maoris as "Ku-i, ku-i—Whiti-whitiora," which may be translated "Safely crossed," in allusion, perhaps,

TEAL: DUSKY SOUND.

WHIO (BLUE MOUNTAIN DUCK).
(*PHOTOGRAPHED FROM NATURE, AT DUSKY SOUND.*)

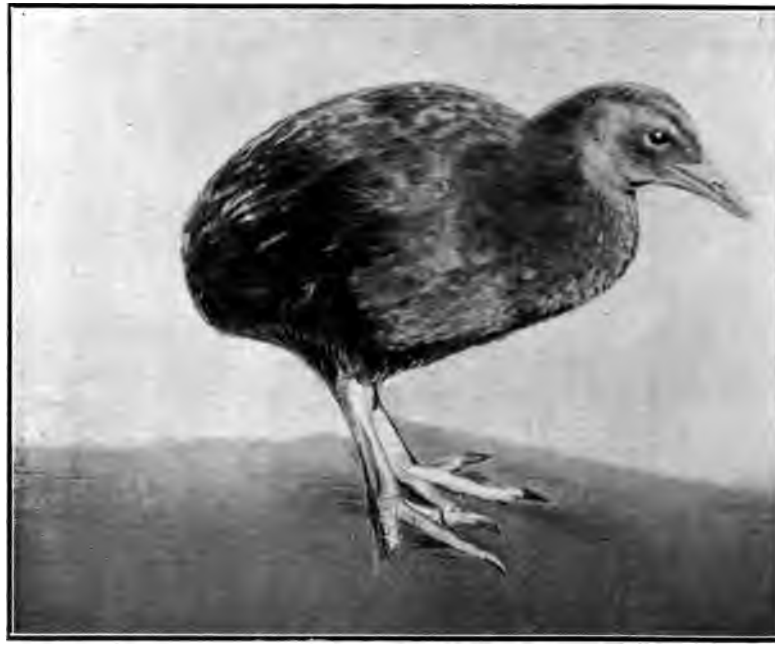
to its arrival after its long flight across the ocean from the South Pacific isles. Its song is also construed as a command to the kumara-planters :—

Ko-o-oia, koia, koia !
Tiria, tiria, tiria !
Whatiwhatia, whatiwhatia !

YELLOW-CROWNED PENGUIN. BLACK PENGUIN.

bidding them dig away, break up their mother earth, and prepare the soil for the seed-kumara.

Both the pipiwharauroa and its long-tailed cousin are parasitic in their breeding-habits, and billet their families in the nests of the kindly little riroriro, which rears and feeds the clamorous young cuckoos.



WEKA, OR WOOD-HEN.

The glossy barred and white-tipped tail-feathers of the koekoea are favourite Maori head-dress ornaments. Both birds take their flight for their warm winter-quarters about the end of February.

The following is a list of the various birds noticed along the track from Lake Te Anau to Milford Sound :—

Small grey kiwi (*Apteryx oweni*).
Tokoweka or roa (large brown kiwi) (*Apteryx australis*).
Weka or South Island wood-hen (*Ocydromus australis*).
Black wood-hen (*Ocydromus fuscus*).
Kakapo or owl-parrot (*Stringops habroptilus*).
Pigeon—kukupa (*Carpophaga novæ-zealandiæ*).
Sparrow-hawk—kaeaea (*Harpa novæ-zealandiæ*).
Harrier—kahu (*Circus gouldi*).
Morepork—ruru (*Strix novæ-zealandiæ*).
Kea or mountain-parrot (*Nestor notabilis*).
Kaka-parrot (*Nestor meridionalis*).
Parrakeet—kakariki (*Cyanoramphus unicolor*).
Red-fronted parrakeet (*Cyanoramphus novæ-zealandiæ*).
Yellow-fronted parrakeet (*Cyanoramphus auriceps*).
Kingfisher—kotare (*Halcyon vagans*).
Long-tailed cuckoo—koekoea (*Eudynamus taitensis*).

Shining cuckoo—pipiwharauroa (*Chrysococcyx lucidus*).
Native thrush—piopio (*Turnagra crassirostris*).
* Orange-wattled crow—kokako (*Glaucopis cinerea*).
* Blue-wattled crow (*Glaucopis wilsoni*).
* Saddle-back—tieke (*Creadion carunculatus*).
Robin (*Miro albifrons*).
Tomtit—miromiro (*Myiomoira macrocephala*).
Grey warbler—riroriro (*Gerygone flaviventris*).
Canary or yellow-head (*Orthonyx ochrocephala*).
Parson-bird—tui (*Prosthemadera novæ-zealandiæ*).
Bell-bird—koparapara (*Anthornis melanura*).
Bush wren (*Zenicus longipes*).
Rifleman (*Acanthisitta chloris*).
White-eye—tiritiri-pounamu (*Zosterops cærulescens*).
Black fantail (*Rhipidura fuliginosa*).
Pied fantail—tiwakawaka (*Rhipidura flabellifera*).
Rock wren (*Zenicus gilviventris*).
Crested grebe (*Podiceps cristatus.*)
Dabchick (*Podiceps rufipectus*).
Paradise duck—putangitangi (*Casarca variegata*).
Brown duck (*Anas chlorotis*).
Little teal (*Anas gibberifrons*).
Blue or mountain duck—whio (*Hymenolæmus malacorhynchus*).
Black teal—papango (*Fuligula novæ-zealandiæ*).
Grey duck—parera (*Anas superciliosa*).
White-throated shag—aroarotea (*Phalacrocorax brevirostris*).
Black shag—kawau or koau (*Phalacrocorax carbo*).

SADDLE-BACK (TIEKE).

* These birds were numerous a few years ago, but are rarely seen now.

Among the large variety of sea-birds to be seen at Milfoı other Sounds are the following :—

Brown petrel (*Procellaria cinerea*).
Mutton-bird—titi (*Puffinus brevicaudus*).
Red-bill or oyster-catcher—torea (a wading bird) (two species: *topus unicolor ; Hæmatopus longirostris*).
Blue penguin—korora (*Eudyptula minor*).
Victoria penguin (*Eudyptes chrysocomus*).
Crested penguin (*Eudyptes pachyrhynchus*).
Yellow-crowned penguin (*Eudyptes antipodum*).

The goldfinch and European thrush and blackbird are now plı The black swan is also seen.

PARADISE DUCKS (PUTANGITANGI).

Stewart Island.

I stood upon a shore, a pleasant shore,
Where a sweet clime was breathed from a land
Of fragrance, quietness, and trees and flowers.
Full of calm joy it was.

" Hyperion."

(Distance by steamer from Bluff Harbour to Half-moon Bay, Stewart Island, 22 miles. Boardinghouses: Thomson's, Hansen's, and Ramsay's, each £1 10s. per week. Telephone service between Bluff and Half-moon Bay.)

THE most southern of New Zealand's pleasure spots is Stewart Island, separated from the Murihiku coast by the waters of Foveaux Strait—once a famous cruising-ground for sperm-whalers. Raki-ura the Maoris call Stewart Island—" Isle of the Glowing Sky." In figurative fashion it is also spoken of as Te Punga-o-te-Waka-a-Maui (" The Anchor of Maui's Canoe "), the South Island being the " canoe," in Ngaitahu mythology, from which the demigod Maui fished up the North Island, " Te Ika-a-Maui." This is a purely South Island concept, and it would be difficult to convince a Northern Maori of the superior antiquity of the Greenstone Land. Stewart Island is thirty-nine miles in extreme length (north to south); its greatest breadth is a little over twenty miles; it contains 425,390 acres, or about 665 square miles, and is roughly triangular in outline. It is mountainous, and thickly wooded, and its shores are broken into a multitude of bays and harbours, with a host of green and rocky islands of all shapes and sizes studding its coasts and adorning its sheltered havens. Its climate is remarkably mild and pleasant, and though the most southerly of the three main islands of New Zealand it is as warm and sunny and free from frost as the valleys of Nelson or Banks Peninsula. For boating, bathing, fishing, bush-rambling there is no more attractive spot. In scenery it is a complete contrast to the long

Bush Track
Oban
Half Moon Bay
Stewart
Island.
Paterson's Inlet

el plains of the adjoining mainland. Its inhabitants, too, are a ople apart—a sea-loving race, fishing and oystering more than they rm, and producing as fine a class of sailors as the coasts of ova Scotia or of Devon. The island is rich in history of the old dventurous days, when trading brigs and schooners from Sydney-ide lay with boarding-nettings up and loaded carronades run out, for fear of the cannibal savages, and when more than one European crew were cut off, clubbed, and eaten; when whalers and sealers from overseas scoured its waters and off-shore islets, and came to a cautious anchor in many a secret cove. All along the coast there are names of romantic and suggestive import, names in which the writer of "Treasure Island" would have revelled—Hidden Island, Murderer Cove, Small-craft Retreat, Shipbuilders' Cove, Port Adventure, Fright Cove, Sealers' Bay, Pearl Island, Glory Cove, Misery Bay, and so on—each of which embalms some incident, often tragic, of bygone years and commemorates the visit of some early trading-craft or "blubber-hunter."

Some of the ex-whalers and sealers (mostly Maoris and half-castes) still live at Paterson Inlet and other places, but the ancient industry of whale-chasing, which once attracted scores of American, English, and colonial ships to Foveaux Strait, has become extinct, and nearly a century of reckless slaughter almost exterminated the fur-seals. As far back as 1809 vessels returned to Sydney from South New Zealand with cargoes of from 10,000 to 13,000 and 14,000 seal-skins each.

The steam from the Bluff to Oban (Half-moon Bay), the township of Stewart Island, takes about two hours. On the passage across, RUAPUKE ISLAND is seen on the left, some eight miles away. This island is inhabited by a number of Ngaitahu Natives, and has many interesting historical associations. It was one of the great gathering-places of the Southern Maoris in time of war, and here the celebrated chief Tuhawaiiki, mentioned in many accounts of the early traders and official visitors to New Zealand, built a strong pa or palisaded fort, in order to resist the expected Northern invader Te Rauparaha, in the "thirties" of last century. Tuhawaiiki owned a small European-built schooner, in which he made voyages along the coast; he had a bodyguard of Maori soldiers, dressed in European uniforms, and he had cannon mounted in his island-fort Paraki-aio, the ruins of which are still to be seen. It was in his schooner that Bishop Selwyn cruised to Stewart Island and along Foveaux Strait in 1844. Ruapuke was the scene of the labours of the most notable missionary to the Southern Maoris, the late Rev. J. F. H. Wohlers, a German clergyman, who settled here in 1843 and lived nearly forty years on the Island.

About the end of the year 1823 a New South Wales Government vessel, the brig "Elizabeth Henrietta," was wrecked on Ruapuke The wreck was the means of introducing mice to the island. Th

Maoris had never seen a mouse before, and not having a name of their own to bestow upon the strange little animal they christened it after the vessel which brought it, and to this day on Ruapuke the mouse is quaintly called a "henrietta," or, as the Maori tongue has it, *hinereta*.

Skirting an archipelago of rocky islands, the home of myriads of sea-birds, the steamer glides into a beautiful harbour well named HALF-MOON BAY, on whose shores stands Oban Township. It has a post and telephone office, stores, and several comfortable houses of accommodation. There is a numerous fleet of small craft in the harbour—schooners, ketches, and cutters, many of them fitted with oil-engines and screws. These auxiliary-screw craft and motor-launches can be hired at reasonable rates, and excursions can be made to many bays and harbours round the coast.

The various boardinghouses have rowing and sailing boats for hire. The best place for water-excursions is Paterson Inlet, separated from Half-moon Bay by a narrow neck.

In the vicinity of the township there are numerous pretty bush walks, notably those across to Deep Bay, Paterson Inlet (about ten minutes from Half-moon Bay); to Te Ringaringa, where a track has been formed along the shores of the inlet; and to Golden Bay, Kaipipi Bay, and Horseshoe Bay. The botany of the island is of great variety and luxuriance, and includes some remarkable and rare forms of plant-life. The native birds are exceedingly numerous, and the beautiful woodlands within a short distance of the township are alive with the music of the tui and bell-bird. The seas swarm with fish, and the largest oysters in New Zealand are those obtained in Foveaux Strait, in the vicinity of the island. Such of the wild-fowl as are included in the term "native game" (ducks, teal, snipe, pigeons, &c.) afford sport to the gunner in season. There are some red deer at the head of Paterson Inlet, but they are at present protected. In March, 1905, a number of Virginian deer were liberated at the head of Port Pegasus; these will be protected for some years until they have increased sufficiently to afford sport.

PATERSON INLET.

Paterson Inlet (Ohekia), one of the finest harbours in the colony, is a splendid sheet of island-sprinkled water about ten miles in length, with a maze of landlocked coves and bays and hidden creeks. Its entrance is sheltered by groups of islands; one rocky islet lying some

distance off shore (Herekopare), is called by the Europeans Mummy Island, from its resemblance in outline to a recumbent Egyptian mummy. At the northern side of the entrance is Te Ringaringa Point. where the grave of the heroic missionary Wohlers is to be seen. Here, on Mr. Arthur Traill's property, are a number of Siberian sledge-dogs, left by Borchgrevinck's Antarctic expedition in 1900. Opposite Te Ringaringa is Te Wharawhara or Native Island, the site of an ancient Maori settlement and the scene of intertribal fights. Sailing up the harbour from here, skirting its winding northern shore, Deep Bay, a beautiful little indent, is passed on the right, then Iona Island, a richly wooded islet, oval in shape, covered from crown to water's edge with foliage, and in midsummer ablaze with rata-blossom. Just inside the island is Golden Bay. A short distance beyond Iona three other prettily wooded islets are seen, resting on the deep and quiet waters; the islands have been named Faith, Hope, and Charity, and, as is fitting, "the greatest of these is Charity." Next Kaipipi Bay is opened up—a subsidiary harbour, with a dozen charming baylets and bayous concealed amongst the low wooded hills that close it in. A long day could be very pleasantly spent here boating round the marvellously crooked coves and picnicking beneath some spreading tree on the sandy beach. The surrounding land is well timbered and there are fine groves of rimu (red-pine) and flowering rata. The kotukutuku, or berry-bearing fuchsia, is one of the small trees fringing the shore in many places. The old Maoris of Stewart Island have a curious superstition concerning the kotukutuku. Should its wood be used as fuel, any food cooked therewith will be infected with

IN PATERSON INLET, STEWART ISLAND.

a baleful form of *makutu* (the Maori "evil-eye"—witchcraft), which will cause the person consuming it to become afflicted with a sudden weakening of the limbs, a kind of paralysis. (Bear this in mind when boiling the noon-time "billy.") Paterson Inlet shoals at its head, but the principal stream which empties into it, the Freshwater River, is navigable for boats for some distance, to a point about thirteen miles from the mouth of the inlet. From here there is a route to Mount Rakiahua (2,110 ft.), through a forest abounding in treasures for the botanist. The view from the summit in clear weather extends southwards to the Snares Islets and north-west to the celebrated Solander Rock, the western sentinel of Foveaux Strait.

The most interesting spot in Paterson Inlet is the beautiful island of ULVA, formerly called Cowpar Island, after an early pakeha-Maori. Ulva lies a mile within the entrance to the Inlet, and covers an area of about a square mile. It is a Crown scenic reserve, with the exception of a section in the occupation of Mr. Walter Traill, one of the old residents of these parts. The island is covered with a dense and lovely forest. The native birds here have a happy and unmolested breeding and feeding ground, rich in the berries that they love. Rimu-pines abound, and there are groves of tall miro-trees, of whose drupes the wood-pigeons are particularly fond. The late Mr. Charles Traill, a botanist of repute, introduced many exotics to the island, and in the old tangled woodland gardens are to be seen nikau and toi palms brought from other parts. On the shores of Ulva, where dainty little beaches of finest sand curve round from rocky point to point, there are shrubberies of plants seldom seen on the mainland. The most remarkable of them is the curious Puharitaiko (*Senecio rotundifolius*), a handsome shrub growing to a height of from 10 ft. to 20 ft., with large glossy-green leathery leaves, which are frequently used as post-cards by residents and visitors. A message can be written in ink on the white downy under-surface of the leaf, which may then be stamped and posted in the Ulva Post-office (Mr. Traill's store)—the most southerly post-office in Australasia. Another rare shrub characteristic of the Stewart Island coast is the fragrant-foliaged titiaweka (*Olearia augustifolia*) covered in summer with a mass of beautiful white flowers. The tupari (*Olearia colensoi*) is a pretty, bushy plant, like the puharitaiko a lover of the salt sea-spray. One of the bays of Ulva, close to the landing-place at the post-office (north side) is Sydney Cove, called after a historic sealing-ship which frequented these waters nearly a century ago.

Glory Cove is a beautiful bay on the south-east side of the Inlet, two miles southward of the eastern end of Ulva Island. This snug cove was a favourite "heave-down" for the old-time whaling and sealing craft in need of repairs. South-west Bay (south-west of Glory Cove) is three miles in length and one mile in width; its north-east

ON THE RAKI-URA COAST.

opening is sheltered by an archipelago of islets. Both these bays are very attractive picnic spots for boating-parties.

Near the mouth of the Inlet on the south-east side is "THE NECK," a settlement inhabited by about a hundred Maoris and half-castes. Te Wehi-a-Te-Wera ("The Fright of Te Wera") is the name of a beach at The Neck; it was so called from an incident of some 130 years ago, when the redoubtable Ngaitahu chief Te Wera, on arriving here from the North, was startled by suddenly coming upon a huge sea-lion (whakahau), the first he had ever seen, sunning itself on the sand. The Natives glean a living from both sea and shore, do a good deal of fishing for the Bluff market, and in the months of March and April sail away in their cutters and boats to the outlying islands, where they camp for their annual mutton-bird "harvest." The young mutton-birds or titi (the dusky petrel—*Puffinus brevicaudus*) are a favourite article of food amongst the Maoris. The titi live in shallow caves and holes in the cliff-sides, whence they are easily taken. The fowlers preserve the birds, which are at this season very fat, by cooking or by salting and smoking, and put them up in poha or baskets formed by splitting the thick leaves of the giant sea-kelp. The fat of the mutton-birds is poured into all the interstices, and thus prepared and sealed up, and sheathed in totara-bark, the poha of titi keep for many months. Large quantities are shipped away to

northern parts every year, and the balance forms one of the staple articles of winter consumption on Rakiura. Although called the mutton-bird, the flesh of the titi is very like that of some rich "strong" fish—too rich, in fact, for most Europeans.

The principal hunting-grounds of the mutton-birders are the craggy islets off the south-west point of Stewart Island. The small islands lying off the entrance to Paterson Inlet are also visited in the titi season. Whole families go "mutton-birding"—men, women, and children—and the expedition is one prolonged picnic. At night the fowlers gather round their camp-fires, and old songs are sung and folk-tales and ghost-stories retold. And in the darkness, sometimes, they hear the ghost-bird screaming its "Haku-ai, haku-ai, Oo-oh!" and then a hair-raising "swoosh" of great wings as some mysterious creature of the crags sweeps past them into the night, crying as it goes. This bird, called the hakuai from its cry, is spoken of as a spirit. To see it is an evil omen; it is the banshee of the islands. It has been frequently heard on Herekopare and other islets. One is reminded of Blackmore's description of the moorland birds in "Lorna Doone": "Vast lonely birds, that cried at night and moved the whole air with their pinions, yet no man ever saw them"——and again of the "hokioi" of North Island legend, the great war-bird of which the Maori song says:

> Two fathoms long are its pinions;
> Its wings make a booming noise.
> It lives in the open space of heaven,
> The companion of the crashing thunder.

The mystery of the hakuai may be dispelled by assuming it to be—as it no doubt is—the frigate-bird (*Fregata aquila*). The wings of these lords of the seas have an immense spread.

OTHER PLACES OF INTEREST.

A short sail north-west from Half-moon Bay (passing *en route* Horseshoe Bay) is PORT WILLIAM, a famous old whaling-rendezvous, described by Mr. Frank Bullen in "The Cruise of the Cachalot." The noted whaling-barque "Chance" (whose remains lay till lately at the Bluff), manned by a Maori and half-caste crew, was one of the "old identities" of Port William. Here the American, English, and Colonial whalers cruising in Foveaux Strait often used to tow their catches, and "try out" in a cosy anchorage. On one occasion, about thirty years ago, as many as eight whaling vessels (seven of them American) were seen at anchor together in this little harbour; Mr. Bullen was then serving on board one of them.

Near the northern end of Stewart Island is MOUNT ANGLEM, or Hananui (3,200 ft.), the highest point of the Island, an extinct volcano, with a small lake near its summit. The climber will be rewarded with a splendid view. This mountain is mentioned in an oft-sung ancient song of the Murihiku people, the lament of Tapui-nui for her distant lover, who lived on the mainland, and from whom she had been forcibly separated—

May the gods consume
The jealous ones
Who tore me from thy side!
Though I climb to the
Lofty ridge of Hana-nui,
And gaze far o'er the sea,
Forever thou art hidden from mine eyes.

The west coast of the Island is extremely bold and rugged. Sea-worn craggy rocks and islets are scattered along the shores, and the lofty cliffs are ceaselessly buffeted by the world-circling sweep of the Southern Ocean. The largest of the offshore islands is Codfish Island (Whenua-hou). On the north-east side of this island is Sealers' Cove, one of the few places of shelter in these parts. It was into this cove that the plucky Captain Paddy Gilroy, of the whaler "Chance," ran with his whale before a south-westerly gale that scattered a fleet of whale-ships in Foveaux Strait one day in the "seventies"—ran apparently to certain destruction, through a sea bristling with rocks, where none of the Yankee captains (who had cut their catches adrift) dared to follow him. The incident is narrated in "The Cruise of the Cachalot." Fur-seals (pakake, or kekeno) are still occasionally seen on this wild west coast; they are protected by the State.

Some of the older Maoris and half-castes of the Neck spent many seasons in sealing on the islets hereabouts, when seals were plentiful. Wearing *paraerae*, or flax sandals, they would travel with remarkable speed over the roughest places, jumping from rock to rock, and killing the seals with their clubs. They often followed the seals into gloomy caves, club in one hand and torch in the other; the kekeno when cornered in this way sometimes showed fight, and more than one veteran of Rakiura bears the marks of wounds inflicted in these exciting encounters. When the mother seals were slaughtered, say the Maoris, the young ones would "tangi" and shed tears like children, in the most pitiful manner. The flesh of the young seals was much relished by the Natives.

Coasting southwards from Paterson Inlet, along the east coast, a number of beautiful harbours and bays are visited. First comes Ka-one-o-Tu, generally known as "Chew-tobacco Bay" This is an excellent fishing-ground seven miles from the Inlet. About four miles further on is PORT ADVENTURE, with Tia Island standing sentry at

its entrance. There are several well-sheltered coves in the Port, and there is very attractive scenery in the North Arm, into the head of which (three miles from the entrance) the Heron River flows.

LORD'S RIVER is three and a half miles south of Port Adventure. It is a narrow sea-arm surrounded by wooded hills, and navigable by boats for several miles. There are some pretty cascades and the forest scenery is very beautiful.

PORT PEGASUS, seventeen miles south-west of Lord's River, and near the southern point of the Island, is a magnificent harbour of deep water, guarded by islands and sheltered by its encircling mountains from every wind that blows. It is seven miles in extent north-east and south-west, and is divided into the North and South Arms, connected by a narrow strait called Acheron Passage. The scenery here is extremely fine, and the leisured holiday-maker might pleasantly spend a week in cruising round the winding shores, fishing, botanising, and exploring the countless wooded islets which rise from the wonderfully transparent waters. The submarine gardens and grottos seen in some of these quiet coves are of remarkable beauty. Port Pegasus is named after a Sydney vessel, the sealing-ship "Pegasus," which was in these waters in 1809. It was in one of the bays of Pegasus, in 1840, that Captain Nias, of H.M.S. "Herald," hoisted the British flag and proclaimed the Queen's sovereignty over Stewart Island, in virtue of the discovery of this part of New Zealand by Captain Cook in 177[illegible] Captain Stewart, after whom the island is named, was the "Herald's" pilot. He is credited with having discovered the insularity of Rakiura about 1809, Captain Cook having taken it to be part of the mainland. Tin-ore and other minerals have been found on the shores Pegasus, and tin-mining was carried on for some years.

There are settlers in most of the bays visited along the coast, but the excursionist on an extended cruise should provide himself with camping-requisites before leaving Half-moon Bay.

There is no finer sea-fishing on the shores of New Zealand than that to be enjoyed around the coast of Stewart Island. The bays swarm with blue-cod, trumpeter, moki, trevalli, flounders, and other delicious fish, and the gigantic hapuku or groper, sometimes weighing a hundredweight, is caught at the harbour entrances and along the coast. There is excellent sport spearing flounders in the sandy bays at night by torchlight. Trout have been introduced and afford sport in the Freshwater River, at the head of Paterson Inlet, and in several other streams.

Deer-stalking and Trout-fishing.

THE principal deer-stalking district in Otago is that around the shores of Lakes Hawea and Wanaka. The finest red deer in the world, surpassing in point of antler-growth the monarchs of the Scottish Highlands, roam the rough ranges and bushy valleys of the Hunter and the Dingle, around the northern shores of Hawea. Red deer are widely distributed over the mountainous country north and south-west of this Lake; herds have been seen as far away as the Lindis district, and stags have been noticed so close to the coach running between Wanaka and Hawea and Lake Pukaki that they could have been shot from the box seat. Timaru Creek and the Dingle are probably the best shooting-grounds. Besides the privately-owned estates there are very large areas of Crown lands over which stalking can be done. The shooting-country at the head of the Lake can be reached either by boat or launch or by horse from Hawea. (See "Lake Hawea," page 65).

Fallow deer are to be found on the Blue Mountains, a short ride from Tapanui Township (ninety-six miles by rail from Dunedin). Much of this region is covered with forest, and the sheltered valleys afford ideal cover and feed for the deer. Guides and horses can be obtained at Tapanui.

In years to come there should be varied and excellent deer-stalking in the wild country between the great lakes and the fiords. Recently a number of Virginian deer, imported from America by the New Zealand Tourist Department, were liberated at the head of Lake Wakatipu. Some red deer have also been turned out near the head of the Lake. There are some red deer on the western side of the Waiau River, near the Southern Arm of Lake Manapouri. This country is

A GOOD CATCH OF BROWN TROUT.

(Sixteen fish, weighing 48½ lb., the result of two hours fly-fishing in an Otago stream.)

extremely rough and most of it is densely forested. A number of wapiti from North America were landed in March, 1905, at the head of George Sound. These deer are of course protected for the present. The wapiti are known as the "Roosevelt herd"; they were presented by President Roosevelt to Mr. T. E. Donne (who was then representing New Zealand at the St. Louis Exposition), for the New Zealand Government.

Rifles, ammunition, and all other sporting-requisites are to be obtained in Dunedin or any other town in the colony. The deer-stalker's favourite weapon in New Zealand is the Winchester repeating-rifle, ·303, with soft-nose bullets. There are skilled taxidermists, and the hunter will have no trouble in getting his heads well prepared and mounted.

Practically all the running waters of Otago and Southland teem with brown trout of splendid quality and great size. In no part of New Zealand, except perhaps Rotorua, will the angler obtain better sport. The best waters are easily accessible by rail and road. A list of fishing-streams, with the means of access and the nearest places of accommodation, will be found in the Tourist Department's "Itinerary of Travel." Fishing-tackle is procurable in any town.

Before proceeding up country, sportsmen should make inquiries at the offices of the Tourist Department, where all information regarding the best game districts, means of access, &c., is freely supplied.

TWO SOUTH ISLAND TROUT.

(15 lb. and 12½ lb.)

HEAD OF RED DEER, SHOT ON LAKE HAWEA BY CAPT. ALLEN, OF PEMBROKE, WANAKA.

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The above extracts from the Visitors' Book sufficiently testify to the beauty of the scenery and the excellence of the accommodation afforded at the Mount Earnslaw Hotel.

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Admission to Waitomo Caves, 2s. each person.

Lake House, Waikaremoana

(ALTITUDE, 2,015 FT.)

The Government Accommodation-house at Waikaremoana is beautifully situated on a headland overlooking the lake, and commanding lovely views of water, hill, and forest. . . .

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Government Oil-launch and Boats.

Excellent Trout-fishing in the Lakes and Streams.

TARIFF.

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Oil-launch Fees—Round trip, Waikaremoana and Wairaumoana, 10s.; Minor trips on lake, 2s. to 7s. 6d. each. Minimum of four tickets to be taken for each trip.

THE "SPA," HANMER HOT SPRINGS.

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Adult 9d | Child 4d.
COLD-WATER SWIMMING BATH—
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MASSAGE (maximum, one hour) ... 5s.
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25 public baths ... ... 10s.
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" four or more persons		12/6 ea. "

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" two persons	...	60s. "

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USE OF HUTS.—With provisions 7s. 6d. per day; without provisions, 2s. per day.

These charges apply to persons not residing at the "Hermitage."

In case of visitors residing at and paying full "Hermitage" accommodation-rates, no charge is made.

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Situated on the shores of Lake Pukaki . .

The Rest-house on the Mount Cook Road.

10s. per day for first seven days; 8s. per day after first seven days.
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SITUATED AT THE SOUTHERN END OF LAKE TE ANAU.

TARIFF:—10s. per day for first seven days; 8s. per day thereafter.
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